

NO. 10

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# VOYAGES

to the worlds of

## SF GAMING



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BLACK DEATH

*SPACEMASTER:*  
SPACIAL  
DELIVERY

*REVIEW:*  
ALBEDO RPG



# VOYAGES

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## SF GAMING

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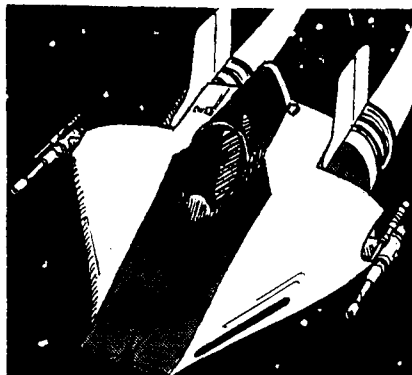
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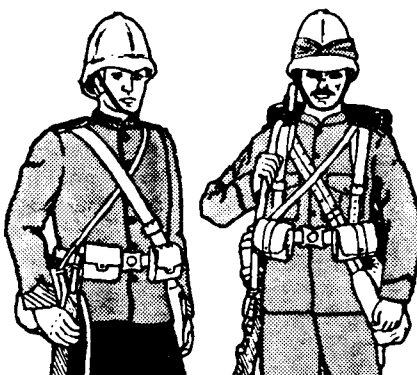
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## • WELCOME ABOARD •

Regular readers of **Voyages SF** will notice a number of changes between this issue and previous issues. Our cover, while still two-color, now includes a half-tone illustration. The cover title image is redesigned. Page graphics are redesigned. And we've added four more pages. We certainly think you'll agree that these are welcome improvements. It's just part of giving you the best magazine we can. And, as our circulation continues to increase, we look forward to further improvements in the future.

In our last issue we printed part 1 of "The Kafer Connection", an adventure for *2300 AD* that originally was to consist of three parts. Unfortunately, due to circumstances beyond our control that involve only the author, we are unable to conclude that adventure. We do, however, have in this issue an adventure for both *Space Master* and *Gurps Space*. But, due to the length and completeness of the latter, only the first half is now printed (the remainder is in my possession - it *will* be in our next issue). Also in these pages are the first installments of what will be regular features: *Reviews and Overviews*, and *Adventurers' Equipment Catalog*, which will feature illustrated weapons, vehicles, hardware, etc., for popular SF games. Readers are encouraged to submit the hardware creations of their adventures.

Phil Morrissey, a regular artist for our magazine, has inked several illustrations for the newsletter **Tiffany Star**, the support publication for the History of the Imperium Working Group, or HIWG, a gamers group working to develop the history behind GDW's *Traveller*. Because of the very nature of HIWG, few gamers have had the opportunity to view these illustrations, so we have reprinted a number of them in this issue. Nice work, Phil.

One last note. I would like to again encourage our readers to take their hobby one step further. Our contributor's guidelines are in this issue. Polish up your creations and send that manuscript!

*James B. King*

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**SUBMISSIONS:** We welcome unsolicited manuscripts and illustrations. However, before submitting you should write and request a *Voyages* guidelines sheet, including a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE). A SASE or posted card should also be included with correspondence when a response is desired.

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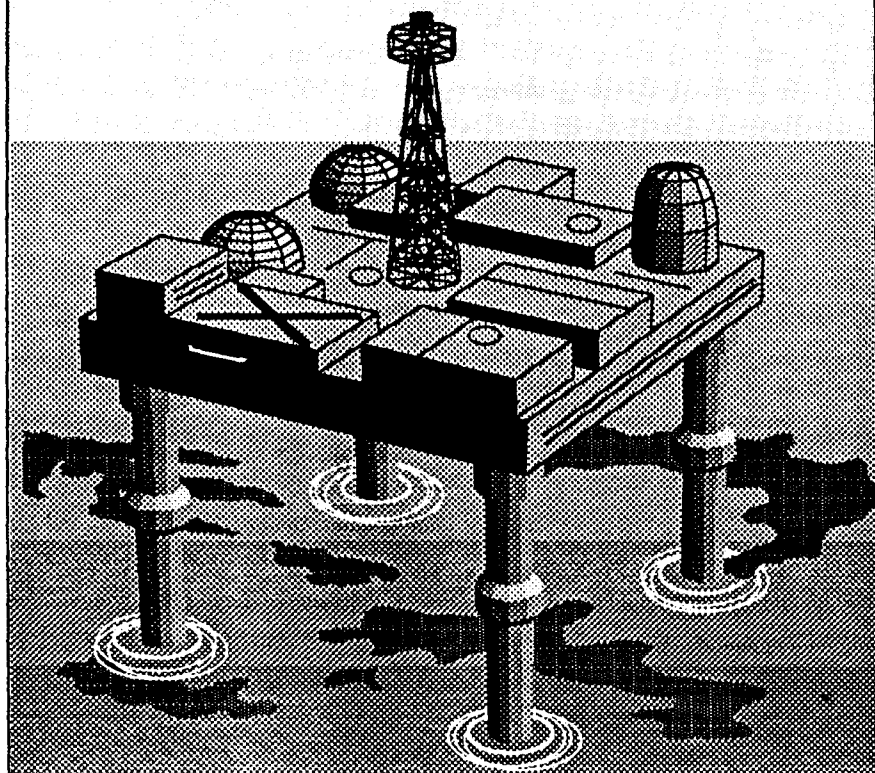
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"You've got to help us! We have been under attack by unknown maniacs. Find out who these monsters are and stop them!"

# PART 1 RED SUN BLACK DEATH

A GURPS SPACE ADVENTURE

by Anthony D. Ward



Gary A. Kalin, 12-13-89

On board the Interstellar Patrol Ship *Judith Resnick*, commanded by Lt. Cmdr. Natalia "Lia" Mmatyulwe....

The 13th standard day of the IPS *Resnick's* 28 s-day cruise from the Federation Core Systems to the peripheral Interstellar Patrol Station *Alamo* didn't seem in any way different from the preceding 12 days. The day started normally, with the entire crew in the high state of boredom that was customary for a transit cruise. However, the crew's boredom was soon to end in a spectacular, and eventually horrifying, way.

The Captain's first hint of an abrupt emergency mission was the *Resnick's* reception of a FTL distress call. While the *Resnick* was too small to carry a FTL transmitter, she could receive FTL messages. Judith, the ship's computer, immediately buzzed the Captain, who was napping on the bridge. "*Captain, I have a distress call coming in on my FTL datareceiver. I definitely think you will want to hear this, Glorious Leader.*"

"....off world help is needed, urgently! To any ship hearing this message, this is the Director of the industrial colony Exxon calling for assistance. We are now under attack by parties unknown! We have many casualties and off world help is urgently needed! ....To any ship hearing this message, this is the Director of the industrial colony Exxon...."

"So what do we do now, my biological leader? As if I couldn't guess."

After ordering Judith to sound the General Quarters klaxon, the Captain sat down at the bridge's visual data display terminal and asked Judith for everything her memory units had on the industrial colony of Exxon. It wasn't much, but what she had made it clear that Exxon was not a standard terrestrial colony world.

By the time the other four members of the *Resnick's* small crew had gathered in the ship's briefing/recreation room, the Captain was ready to give them a quick briefing on the colony of Exxon. But she still had no real idea of what was going on down on this unusual planet. (The GM should either read or give the players the subsection on Exxon and the Rockefeller system so they will know basically what data was available.)

.....If you are playing this scenario..... stop here. Only GMs should read further.

## SITUATION SUMMARY

The Chartered Exxon Planetary Company has a very big problem. Somebody, or something, is killing or kidnapping large numbers of its employees. As most of the employees are spread out in small groups over most of Exxon's huge surface, the relatively small number of Company Security troopers have not been able to solve the mystery or stop the disappearances. And, as rumors have started spreading among the regular Company employees, the Security Forces are being stretched to the limit just keeping civil order in the major installations. This means that the characters will have to personally solve the mystery and discover who, or what, the attackers are and stop them before even more Exxonians disappear or are killed. Exxon's society dissolves into chaos, or they themselves are overcome by the mystery force. ("Good luck, Jim.")

## INTRODUCTION

Red Sun, Black Death is a *GURPS* Space adventure designed for 3 to 5 players. While the adventure is written for a Patrol team, or some type of interstellar military or police crew, and is set in a universe with a Federation type of interstellar government, the GM can insert this scenario into almost any ongoing campaign with minor changes. Pre-generated player characters are provided as the crew of the IPS *Resnick*, but already existing player characters will also work well. If your players are either planetary surface or space mercenaries, the Chartered Exxon Planetary Company will pay good money for their help. Free Traders or commercial spacers not only have a chance to save lives and learn interesting and valuable information, but can make some important (i.e. rich and well connected) friends who have many business affiliations throughout the local interstellar volume as well. If your ongoing campaign is set in an Interstellar Imperium, here is a chance to make money, powerful friends, and possibly even get elevated to the nobility—if the cards are played right. If your characters are scientists, or other techie types, here is a mystery that, if solved, could make them all rich and famous. Of course, this little adventure might also

get your players' characters killed, but they knew that when they signed up to go adventuring. Right?

Exxon is physically and chemically an interplanetary oddity (see planetary and system descriptions). Exxon was originally colonized by a consortium of petrochemical companies over 200 standard years ago. Although petrochemicals are no longer wasted by burning them for fuel on any but the most primitive planets, modern interstellar civilization has many other uses for processed petrochemicals. And Exxon is a major supplier of such chemicals to much of the Human colonized sphere.

Exxon has never been physically attacked or raided. Not even in times of interstellar war. Until now.

## LANDING ON EXXON

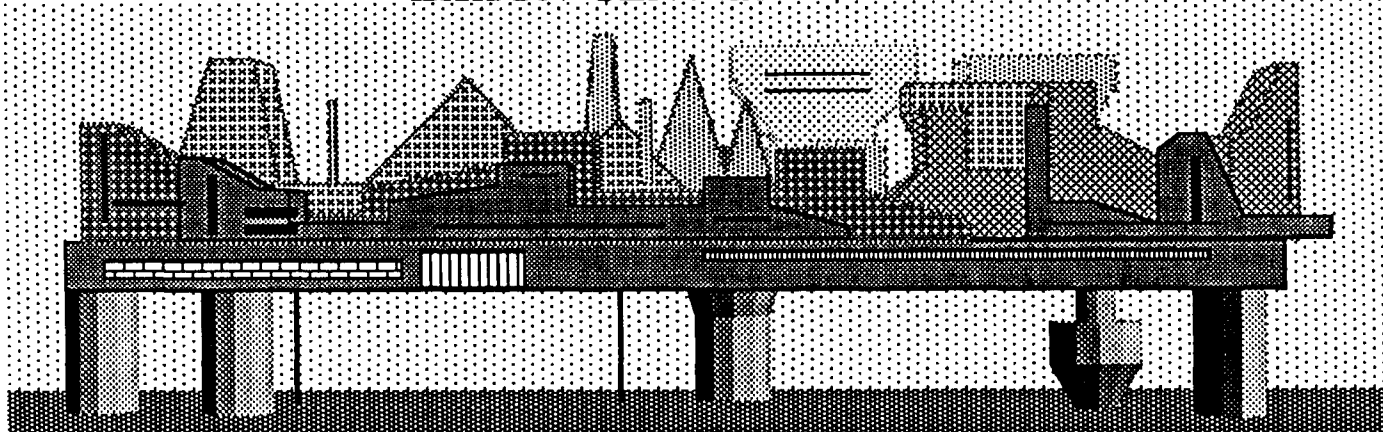
As the IPS *Resnick* enters Near Exxon Space, contacts Exxon aerospace control, and achieves a stable orbit around Exxon, the players are not able to see much of the planet's surface. The entire planet is hidden by dirty looking clouds that look reddish-grey under the cool red light of the system's sun.

If the crew uses the ship's sensors, they do not discover much about the planet beyond the ship's computer data entry. Exxon's atmosphere is mostly nitrogen and carbon dioxide, with minor quantities of free oxygen, and an unusually high amount of gaseous organic chemicals—Exxon's atmosphere is virtually a planet-wide smog bank.

The planet is entirely covered by a liquid ocean, and has a large number of small metallic masses and sapient made materials sprinkled in a seemingly random manner over the entire surface.

When the crew makes contact with the planetary government, the Captain is immediately put in communication with the Planetary Director, who refuses to discuss the problem over radio link. He insists that any discussion must be done face to face in a secure area. The ship is directed to land at the principal VIP hangar at the starport at Central City, which is now on the night side of Exxon. The crew is told that they will be met there by the Director and his staff and Exxon's problem will be laid out and all questions answered.

## EXXON CENTRAL CITY



Gary A. Kulin, 12-13-89

## LT. COMMANDER NATALIA MTATYULWE

Ship's Captain. Human (Terran). Silver hair, Black eyes, Dark brown skin, Beautiful, Tall with slim build, 5' 9", 120 lbs, Left handed, 35 standard years old.

ST 9, DX 12, IQ 13, HT 11

Basic Speed 5.75, Move 4

Dodge 4, Parry (Knife) 4, Block 4

Light Body Armor (TL11), Light Encumbrance

**ADVANTAGES:** Eidetic Memory 1, Legal Enforcement Powers 2, Military Rank 4, Patron (Interstellar Patrol), Status +1 (Military Rank), Strong Will +4

**DISADVANTAGES:** Code of Honor (The Patrol Always Gets Its Being), Duty to Patrol (on 15 or less), Enemies (Interstellar Guild of Privateers [on 9 or less]), Honesty, Sense of Duty to All Sentient Beings

**QUIRKS:** Always tries to be in complete control of emotions.

Dislikes her Patrol nickname of "Black Ice". Hates being thought of as "just a beautiful woman". Loathes cold weather. Loves flying in any type of air or space craft.

**SKILLS:** Astrogation-13, Beam Weapons/TL11-13, Computer Op/TL11-13, Cooking-13, Diplomacy-12, Electronics/TL11-12, Elec Ops/TL11(Communications)-12, Elec Ops/TL11(Sensors)-12, First Aid/TL11-13, Free Fall/TL11-10, Guns/TL11-13, Judo-9, Knife-11, Leadership-13, Mathematics-11, Pilot/TL11(Shuttle)-10, Pilot/TL11(Starship)-11, Survival(Mountains)-12, Survival(Woodlands)-12, Tactics-11, Vacc Suit/TL11-12

**LANGUAGES:** Galanglic-13, Trade Speak-11

Captain Natalia Mtatyulwe was born in the United Republics of Azania, Southern Africa, Terra. "Lia" was such a beautiful baby that her mother entered her in several beauty contests before she was five years old. Natalia hated the whole process. Although she was very good in school, most people treated her differently because of her good looks and elegant body. Natalia swore she would prove to everyone that she was more than just a beautiful face on a lovely body. On her eighteenth birthday, she entered the Patrol Academy and did extremely well academically and physically. After graduation, she served on a variety of ships of various sizes and received the highest efficiency reports. When she was promoted to Lt. Cmdr., she was also given command of the *Judith Resnick*. She tries very hard to be the perfect Patrol officer, even to the point of neglecting her personal life.

If the players refuse to land, the Director makes any promise or threat necessary to get them to do so. (If that is not enough, the GM should remind the players of the old motto, "To serve and protect" and that by regulation, the Patrol never turns down a distress call.) Again, the Director categorically refuses to discuss Exxon's problems over the radio because he is sure "the enemy" is listening in.

Once the *Resnick* enters Exxon's atmospheric cloud bank, all visual data is cut off until descending through the lowest cloud layers. Even then, in the stygian darkness, they cannot see to the horizon. But they wouldn't be able to see to the horizon even in daylight because everything just gradually fades away into the smog enshrouded distance. However, through the use of infrared and radar scan, they can make out a horizon to horizon expanse of black ocean under low, black clouds.

Following the radio beacon signal toward the spaceport, the PCs soon see that they are approaching a huge, artificial island that covers tens of square

## LT. ANDREW (ANDY PANDA) VON VELCT

Pilot/Executive Officer. Human (Martian). Blond hair, Grey eyes, Thin blond mustache, Light tan skin, Handsome, 5' 10", 160 lbs, 25 standard years old.

ST 10, DX 14, IQ 12, HT 12

Basic Speed 6.5, Move 5

Dodge 5, Parry (Knife) 6, Block 5

Light Body Armor (TL11), Light Encumbrance

**ADVANTAGES:** Acute Vision +5, Combat Reflexes, Legal Enforcement Powers 2, Military Rank 3, Patron (Interstellar Patrol), Reputation as Hot Pilot among Star Pilots (on 7 or less), Status +1 (Military Rank)

**DISADVANTAGES:** Code of Honor (Code of the Fighter Pilot), Compulsive Gambler, Duty to Patrol (on 15 or less), Enemies (Interstellar Guild of Privateers [on 9 or less]), Overconfidence, Sense of Duty to Patrol

**QUIRKS:** Always looks like a recruiting poster. Dislikes dirt and disorder. Has puppy love for his captain. Loves to tell war stories. Total vegetarian.

**SKILLS:** Beam Weapons/TL11-15, Computer Ops/TL11-11, Fast Draw(Knife)-14, Fast Draw(Pistol)-14, First Aid/TL11-11, Free Fall/TL11-12, Gamble-12, Guns/TL11-15, Karate-12, Knife-13, Pilot/TL11(Space Fighter)-12, Pilot/TL11(Starship)-15, Survival(Arctic)-10, Survival(Woodlands)-10, Vacc Suit/TL11-10

**LANGUAGES:** Galanglic-12

Lt. Andrew von Velct looks and tries to live the life of the "Fighter Pilot with the Right Stuff". All he ever wanted to do was fly aerospace craft and have fun. Usually in that order. After graduating from the Naval Academy, he became the "super pilot" he always wanted to be. But he also got in lots of trouble due to gambling and carousing on his off duty time. He was finally given a choice of resigning or being court-martialed. Luckily, von Velct's family is very important on Mars and he got a third choice. He has served on the *Resnick* since transferring to the Patrol two years ago, and has worked hard to clean up his act. He doesn't want to disappoint his family further, doesn't want to lose his pilot's license, and, finally, has developed a crush on his captain and doesn't want to disappoint her. Even with all these reasons, he still is often in trouble because he is a man with a lot of energy. But any man who accepts "Andy Panda" as his call sign can't be all bad.

miles of ocean surface. Though the island city is covered with thousands of multicolored lights, most of the island's surface appears to be coated in a flat black material that absorbs all light. The enormous mass is supported by a vast number of huge black pilings that lift the bottom levels of the artificial island several hundred feet above the ocean surface. The whole construction looks more like a sinister fortress than an industrial facility.

Unless Lt. von Velct (or whoever is piloting) makes a critical missroll during the landing, there are no problems setting down on the starport landing pad. Almost immediately after touching down, the *Resnick* is towed into a vast, hemispherical hangar. When the huge hangar doors are shut, enormous fans quickly replace the chemically laden, oxygen poor Exxonian atmosphere inside with a breathable, terrestrial atmosphere and the crew of the *Resnick* is notified it is now safe to disembark. The *Resnick*'s atmospheric sensors confirm this.

## CH. WARRANT OFF. MOHAMED ALI NAKAMURA

Engineer. Human (Belter). Black hair and short beard, Black eyes, Light tan skin, 5' 9", 170 lbs, 38 standard years old.

ST 10, DX 12, IQ 14, HT 10

Basic Speed 5.5, Move 4

Dodge 4, Parry 4, Block 4

Light Body Armor (TL11), Light Encumbrance

**ADVANTAGES:** Ambidexterity, Eidetic Memory 1, Legal Enforcement Powers 2, Mathematical Ability, Military Rank 3, Patron (Interstellar Patrol), Status +1 (Military Rank)

**DISADVANTAGES:** Bad Sight (wears contact lenses), Bad temper, Duty to Patrol (on 15 or less), Enemies (Interstellar Guild of Privateers [on 9 or less]), Impulsiveness, Sense of Duty to ship and crew

**QUIRKS:** Always fighting weight gain. Cleanliness fetish. Hates color orange. Thinks starship engineers are the Elect of God. Won't drink alcohol or use any drugs.

**SKILLS:** Armory/TL11 (Spaceship weaponry)-13, Artist-12, Battlesuit/TL11-13, Beam Weapons/TL11-13, Computer Ops/TL11-15, Demolition/TL11-13, Driving/TL11 (ATV)-11, Electronics/TL11-14, Elec Ops/TL11 (Weapons)-13, Engineer/TL11 (Thruster drive)-15, Engineer/TL11 (Stardrive)-15, First Aid/TL11-14, Free Fall/TL11-11, Guns/TL11-13, Mathematics-15, Mechanic/TL11 (Thruster drive)-15, Mechanic/TL11 (Stardrive)-15, Nuclear Physics/TL11-14, Physics/TL11-15, Sculpting-10, Scrounging-15, Streetwise-13, Vacc Suit/TL11-13

**LANGUAGES:** Galanglic-14, Arabic-14

Chief Warrant Officer Mohamed Ali Nakamura is a fourth generation Belter. He was darn near born to be a ship's engineer. His family had him in engineer training at the age of five. But, instead of staying with the family mining business, when he turned 21 he rebelled and joined the Patrol as an Able Spacehand. Because he hated all the paperwork involved with becoming a commissioned officer, he worked his way up the ranks to Warrant Officer. He is a very competent engineer, but will only work with a captain he respects. Captain Natalia Mtatyulwe is such an officer. As a devout member of the Reformed Islamic faith, he refuses to touch alcohol, but loves to eat and the fact that Captain Mtatyulwe is a gourmand cook may have something to do with his devotion to the *Resnick*.

## PETTY OFFICER GERALDO WONG

Assistant Engineer/Gunner, IPS *Judith Resnick*. Human (Neukong). Totally bald, Black eyes, Light tan skin, 6' 1", 175 lbs, 34 standard years old

ST 12, DX 14, IQ 12, HT 12

Basic Speed 6.5, Move 5

Dodge 5, Parry (Knife) 6, Block 5

Light Body Armor (TL11), Light Encumbrance

**ADVANTAGES:** Combat Reflexes, Language Talent +5, Legal Enforcement Powers 2, Military Rank 1, Patron (Interstellar Patrol)

**DISADVANTAGES:** Bloodlust, Duty to Patrol (on 15 or less), Enemies (Interstellar Guild of Privateers [on 9 or less]), Fanaticism to Patrol, Mild Shyness, Sense of Duty to All Patrol Members

**QUIRKS:** Collects antique military patches. Dislikes small animals. Hums to himself as he works. Loves spicy food. Sports fanatic.

**SKILLS:** Armory/TL11 (Spaceship Weaponry)-11, Battlesuit/TL11-11, Beam Weapons/TL11-15, Computer Ops/TL11-11, Fast Draw(Knife)-13, Fast Draw(Pistol)-13, First Aid/TL11-11, Free Fall/TL11-12, Gunner/TL11 (Starship Weaponry)-14, Guns/TL11-15, Karate-11, Knife-13, Knife Throw-13, Mathematics-9, Mechanic/TL11 (Thruster drive)-10, Mechanic/TL11 (Stardrive)-10, Pilot/TL11 (Shuttle)-12, Physics/TL11-9, Scrounging-11, Scuba/TL11-10, Sports(Baseball)-12, Sports(Soccer)-12, Sports(Swimming)-13, Streetwise-10, Vacc Suit/TL11-10

**LANGUAGES:** Galanglic-17, Old Chinese-13, Spanglas-13

Petty Officer Geraldo Wong was born in the slums of Zhuchou on Neukong and grew up mostly on the streets. Even though he was a member of one of the worst gangs in Zhuchou, he was never caught or charged for any crime. As soon as he turned 18 he joined the Patrol. PO Wong loves the Patrol as a man normally loves his family. In fact, he sees the Patrol as his extended family and only feels comfortable around other Patrollers. Since he joined, he has worked his way up the enlisted ranks, learning both engineering and gunnery skills. The only bad marks on his record have to do with his inability to forgive anyone who harms another Patroller. Once, after apprehending a criminal who had killed another Patroller, he almost killed him with his bare hands.



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## DOCTOR (LT.) LILITH QUILLION

Ship's Medical Doctor. Artificial Human (Pasturian android). Flame red hair, Silver eyes, Lavender colored skin, 5' 4", 105 lbs, 31 standard years old.

ST 8, DX 14, IQ 14, HT 10

Basic Speed 6, Move 5

Dodge 5, Parry 5, Block 5

Light Body Armor (TL11), Light Encumbrance

**ADVANTAGES:** Ambidexterity, Beautiful, Eidetic Memory 1, Immunity to Disease, Legal Enforcement Powers 2, Military Rank 3, Patron (Interstellar Patrol), Rapid Healing, Status-1 (Artificial Human + Military Rank), Voice

**DISADVANTAGES:** Bad Sight (only sees in ultraviolet [UV] light\*), Code of Honor (Hippocratic oath), Duty to Patrol (on 15 or less), Enemies (Interstellar Guild of Privateers [on 9 or less]), Enemies (Pasturian android catchers on 3 or less), Honesty, Pacifism (can not kill), Sense of Duty to Sentient Life, Social Stigma (artificial Human being)

\*Almost continually wears a TL11 visor that translates standard Human visual wavelength light into ultraviolet. Without the visor, she is nearly blind and can only see under brightly UV lighted conditions. Human standard lighted areas appear almost pitch dark to her. +6 to any vision rolls without visor.

**QUIRKS:** Dislikes oceans. Is a "natural" bisexual. Loves children. Loves high technology gadgets. Normally wears the fewest clothes she can get away with.

**SKILLS:** Acrobatics-11, Administration-13, Beam Weapon/TL11-15, Biochemistry/TL11-11, Chemistry/TL11-12, Computer Ops/TL11-14, Dancing-12, Diagnosis/TL11-16, Electronic Ops/TL11 (Medical equipment)-13, First Aid/TL11-16, Free Fall/TL11-12, Genetics/TL11-11, Judo-11, Mathematics-12, Physician/TL11-16, Psychology-13, Sex Appeal-13, Singing-15, Surgeon/TL11-13, Swimming-13, Vacc Suit/TL11-13, Veterinary/TL11-12

**LANGUAGES:** Galanglic-14, Latin-10, Pasturian-14

Doctor Lilith Quillion was originally designed and genetically engineered to be a courtesan by a Pasturian android manufacturing corporation. (Pastur has a very high technology level in the medical and biological sciences.) However, someone made several "mistakes" during her creation. Her eyes were originally designed for slave field workers on a planet orbiting a Class A (high UV radiating) star. And her level of intelligence turned out to be twice the original design.

When these errors were discovered at her parturition, instead of being destroyed, she was purchased by a dealer in biological oddities when she was only 18 s-days old, and later resold after being held in statis for nearly a year. Her new owner was a rich, elderly, Human hypochondriac who saw in her a way to have a doctor, companion, and mistress, all in one person. He therefore had her genetically instilled courtesan tendencies trained at the same time he had her mind educated as a doctor.

Years later, when her owner took her with him on a trip to a planet that gives all Sentient beings equal legal rights, she ran away and joined the Patrol. (The Patrol accepts any qualified Sentient beings, no matter what their origin.) Since then she has served honorably on several Patrol ships and has continued her medical training.

Although her "official" age is 31, she is actually only 16 s-years old. She was force grown to physical adulthood, as are most androids, in her first two years of life. One of the main reasons she has continued to study both Human medicine and psychology is to try to gain a better understanding of Humanity and how Humans interact. So far, she has not fully succeeded in her quest for understanding, which has caused her to appear "stand-off-ish" to most outside the crew of the *Resnick*. This has also caused her some embarrassments when there have been conflicts between her programmed courtesan instincts and Terran cultural norms, though she has usually been forgiven for any quirks and cultural lapses because of her "exotic" beauty.

## THE MEETING

As soon as the PCs leave the ship's airlock, they notice that the "breathable air" still contains a high level of what, on any other Human inhabited planet, would be called petrochemical pollutants. In other words, the VIP hangar smells like a petroleum refinery.

Though there are no other spacecraft in the hangar area, there are 10 to 15 vertical takeoff and landing (VTOL) aircraft of various sizes scattered around the vast open area. Several of the VTOL's are partially disassembled and apparently undergoing maintenance.

The PCs are directed toward a small group of people waiting for them by the main personnel airlock. While walking across the hangar deck, they may notice how slippery the decking is where it is not covered by a special nonslip material. For any who wander off this nonslip surface, roll DX or less to not slip and fall and look like fools in front of the waiting VIPs.

At the head of the group are a large Human male in an expensive, but slightly out of date business suit and a tall, angry looking Human female in a uniform with major's rank insignia. While the male executive tries to appear like a good host, the major just glowers. Three other VIPs, who are standing behind the first two, appear nervous and, on an observation roll of 7 or less, actually frightened. Also in sight are five large and heavily armed security guards behind the VIPs near the airlock door.

The large VIP introduces himself as Planetary Director Bertram Tzu Chow and the woman as his Chief of Company Security, Major Cathline Firefox. The other three are introduced as Assistant Director Shawn ben Aaron, Mayor Jaques St. Rose, and Security Captain Ito Petrolski.

With introductions out of the way, the PCs are quickly whisked through the airlock and into a transport bubble, accompanied by the five VIPs, and are soon delivered to the entrance antechamber of a luxurious conference room. Even here the atmosphere still smells faintly of petroleum. On duty here are two security guards.

Entering the conference room, the PCs are motioned to a large, plastic topped table which contains individual, built-in data processing units set before each of the fifteen luxurious chairs. Mounted in both narrow walls opposite the table ends are large, holographic display screens.

After the conference room doors slide shut, with the distinct, muffled clanking sound of a heavy security lock activating, and after Captain Petrolski has made an electronic security sweep of the room, Director Tzu Chow begins to speak.

## THE PROBLEM

(The GM should either read the following statement or paraphrase it, speaking with just a hint of panic.)

"We've got a potential disaster of planetary proportions on our hands here! You've got to help us! We have been under attack by some unknown maniacs. And we not only don't know who they are, we don't even know why. There are nearly 10 million



people on this planet, and all could face the threat of death unless you find out who these monsters are and stop them!

"This impossible nightmare started about 80 days ago. Our Central Communications Center lost contact with Drilling Platform 134QB. This happens a lot with the smaller rigs, so no one initially got too excited. But after 24 hours of no contact, we suspected it could be more than just a busted comset. When a security/maintenance team got there, about 35 hours after the initial loss of communication, they found the platform completely deserted! There was absolutely no trace of the fifteen employees. And no clues as to where they'd gone or been taken. Or how.

"Then, 57 days ago, we lost contact with Drilling Platform 247SP at 0457 hours. This time, a full ten person security crew was immediately launched at 0500. They reported landing on the platform at 1134, but we lost contact with them at 1142! When a second secteam got there, about 1630 hours, they could find no trace of either the original platform crew or the first secteam. But they did find evidence of battle damage, mostly around the landing stage. But, again, no bodies of any kind were found.

"Then, 35 days ago, we lost contact with Refining Station 63. This time we sent three heavily armed secteams, and they found an appalling mess upon landing. We have video records, but let me just say that some of the 145 workers on RS 63 had been slaughtered! Body parts were found all through the station! But just parts--no complete bodies were found. And the number of incomplete bodies didn't add up close to 145. More than 100 employees were totally missing. But the creepiest thing was that there was no blood, just parts of bodies! The station itself was as clean as it would have been just before a Company IG inspection.

"We, meaning the Company senior staff and Security, had managed to keep the first two incidences quiet, but, after the third incident, our own security people were beginning to talk and pass on rumors, and we were beginning to fear panic. Then, 22 days ago, Pumping Station 41ZP went silent. This time, the secteams found something even worse than on RS 63. Evidently, all thirteen people on board had not only been slaughtered, but it looked like they'd been sadistically tortured before they were killed!

"What really set off the panic alarm at Headquarters was when someone noticed that if a line was drawn between Drilling Platform 134QB, the site of the first incident, and Exxon Central City, where we are right now, Drilling Platform 247SP, Refining Station 63, and Pumping Station 41ZP are all located very close to that line. And each station attacked has been closer to Central City. Whoever is doing this is obviously coming this way! You must save us before we are all murdered by these unknown fiends and the Company is ruined!"

With this comment, the Director falls silent for a few seconds, wipes the sweat off his face, composes himself, then asks the PCs if they have any questions.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Below are answers to obvious questions the players might ask. Further questioning will result in little new information.

### 1. "Who do you think is doing this?"

*Major Cathline Firefox:* "I'm positive it's those murdering terrorists from FOG! This isn't a standard military attack or industrial raid, this is sheer terrorism. We've had nothing but grief from those ecological fanatics who call themselves the 'Friends Of the Galaxy' ever since this planet was settled. Eighty s-years ago this Company's management caved in to soem those bastards' demands, but FOG won't be happy until we totally abandon this planet. They even made us buy tons of genetically engineered bacteria that eats oil, to clean up any 'pollution' caused by an oil spill--on a planet that has an ocean covered with petroleum!"

*Assistant Director ben Aaron:* "I believe it is a mercenary combat team brought in by one or more of our competitors. There are several other planets that produce petroleum products for interstellar trade within 20 parsecs of Exxon, but we are the most economical and profitable producer. And the most successful. I am sure one, or more, of our competitors has decided that if they can't beat us fairly, they'll do so by violent means. And if they can scare us off the planet, they have not only removed a competitor, but we'd probably be forced to leave billions of credits worth of salvage on Exxon."

*Mayor Jacques St. Rose:* "I think it's a bunch of radicals from right here on Exxon. Our colleges seem to have developed a class of good-for-nothings who spend most of their time trying to destroy everything we and our ancestors have built. These dregs, who call themselves 'student activists', want to overthrow our commercial government and put a 'worker democracy' in its place. I am sure these anarchistic radicals would stop at nothing to destroy all of us 'capitalist exploiters', even if a lot workers they supposedly love have to die along with us. And they've probably received off world aid for their crazed plan."

### 2. "How were the attacks carried out?"

*Major Firefox:* "That has us really baffled. All video cameras and records were destroyed or blanked before they could show us the attackers. Other sensors, like radar and sonar, have only given us impossible or ridiculous readings. The lack of physical damage to most of the equipment and the lack of any radio messages after the attacks started is evidence to me of the use of chemical or gas weapons. Possibly even a biological agent. I believe these commandos are either acting under increasingly insane orders, trying to scare us off the planet, or are getting desperate, due to the progressively expanding use of terrorism and torture. I'm not sure how they're getting by all of our security sensors. They may possibly have some people placed high up in the Company, and, the though I hate to say it, in my Security section. This is one of the primary reasons I recommended that the Board call in the Patrol."

### 3. "How do you know the attacks aren't being made by some life form native to Exxon?"

*Assistant Director ben Aaron:* "I'm the Company's chief medical officer and an amateur biologist. The Company has been here more than 200 s-years. Despite all our study and exploration, and years of searching the whole planet for exploitable resources,

there has never been found any evidence of native life on Exxon."

**4. "What steps has the Company already taken to counter this problem?"**

*Captain Petrolski:* "We don't have enough security personnel to put additional security teams on all the thousands of industrial facilities all over the planet—not even on all those stations that we feel have the highest probability of being hit next. But we have set up centrally located, quick response, heavy weapons teams. Several are quartered right here in the City. And we have added airtight secure communications rooms to most of our facilities. Each facility is now required to have an individual sealed in this secomm room at all times. Finally, we have made several independent, full background security checks on all senior Company and Security executives, including the people in this room, and found nothing suspicious."

**5. "Exactly how were the victims killed?"**

*Assistant Director ben Aaron:* "That is a very interesting question. While I hate to contradict Major Firefox, no trace of any biological or chemical agent has been found in any of the body parts. Some parts did show evidence of some kind of chemical burn. But chemical spills and burns happen all the time to a lot of our employees, so this may not be relevant to the attacks. Continuing, all the bodies were ripped apart, not cut, by someone or something with tremendous physical strength. Most likely some kind of mechanical apparatus was used. But all of the bodies found so far were dead prior to being ripped apart. Every one of them was killed by an interruption of oxygen flow to their tissues! How? I have no clear evidence. Finally, there has been very little blood found near the bodies. This indicates that the victims were murdered elsewhere and their body parts were placed where they were found in an attempt to terrorize the rest of us."

**6. "Was anything else missing or stolen from the stations?"**

*Captain Petrolski:* "That is something else that just adds to the weirdness. The raiders didn't take any money or personal valuables. The major feels this is a sign that real professionals are at work. I don't know. I do know that they seem to be 'living off the land', as they've been taking all foodstuffs from the stations. Mayor St. Rose feels that this is a good sign because it could indicate that our people are being kept alive and are being fed by their captors. I don't know if we can be that optimistic."

At the end of the question and answer period, Captain Mtatyulwe (or the obvious PC leader) may thank the VIPs and ask that the Patrol crew be allowed some privacy to discuss the situation. If the PCs do not make this request, Director Tzu Chow tells them that the conference room is theirs for as long as they need it and that the data terminals in front of them will provide complete access to the planetary data net (PDN), including all security files. He also informs them that they have been assigned rooms in the Visiting Guest Quarters and have an unlimited Company credit account for expenses. Finally, the players are left alone to decide what they'll do next.

If the players decide to check the PDN files for further information, go to CHECKING THE PDN COMPUTER FILES. If their next actions take place somewhere in the city, go to the appropriate section under

INVESTIGATION IN CENTRAL CITY. If they decide to visit one of the facilities that has been attacked, go immediately to CALL FROM REFINING STATION 29.

**CHECKING THE PDN COMPUTER FILES**

If the players decide to check the computer PDN for further information, the information box, ENTRIES IN THE COMPUTER PDN contains entries that may be of interest to them.

**ENTRIES IN THE COMPUTER PDN**

**PDN FILE: EXXONIAN LIFEFORMS SEARCH**

Over the last 200 years, there have been over 500 expeditions on Exxon looking for any sign of oxygen producing life forms. While no official, positive evidence was ever discovered, there have been a few strange reports filed over the years.

Only five years after the planet was opened, a survey expedition reported sighting "a large, flat black body of enormous size about five miles from our vessel. When we reached the area, we found no sign of the object we had observed."

Also, 75 years ago, a party sent a radio transmission stating, "Yesterday, small, black lump of some strange substance was hauled aboard ship. Dr Jamison said he thought it had been moving before being brought aboard. Could it have been alive? If so, bringing it out of the water seems to have killed it. We will send a complete biochemical report tomorrow." No report was received, and the ship and its crew mysteriously disappeared.

There have been many reports of "sea serpents" and "sea monsters" filed by sailors, drillers, and fliers over the last 200 years. But, other than a few strange but inconclusive pictures, no actual physical evidence has ever been found.

**PDN FILE: FRIENDS OF THE GALAXY (FOG)**

FOG traces its organizational roots back to 20th century Terra. FOG members feel that their organization is the true descendant of the ecology interest and protection groups that formed during the latter half of that century. Just like those early activists, members on some planets still call themselves "Greens". FOG is completely legal and has an official membership of over 25 million beings, has offices on 37 planets, and has its headquarters on old Terra.

Officially, FOG only works through planetary legal and social channels to help preserve particular planetary environments and reduce the ecological damage caused by interstellar industrial development. FOG's pressure has brought about a greater awareness of ecological conditions to the inhabitants of many diverse worlds. FOG has, on various occasions, been instrumental in convincing certain megacorporations to modify their activities and industrial techniques to reduce ecological disruption on many newly settled planets.

Unofficially, various public and private intelligence agencies believe that FOG supports several commando and terrorist units that have, over the last 30 s-years, attacked "industrial polluters and exploiters" in more than 20 systems. In this time, several interstellar news organizations have published such "speculations". FOG officials have labelled all of these reports as "industrial, capitalist propaganda" and have refused to discuss them further, but have threatened lawsuits.

**PDN FILE: VIDEO RECORDS OF ATTACKED FACILITIES**

Most of the video records taken at the time of the attacks show the same thing. The cameras quickly go black. But if the PCs have the computer slow the speed, they see that a black substance is quickly wiped over the lens surface. On some of the video recordings they can see people working normally, who appear to hear something in another room. They leave their work area and do not return. If the players enhance the audio recordings, all they hear is noises that sound like flowing water, or a strange swishing sound, or equipment being knocked over. Several times, people can be heard making sounds of surprise, shock, or exclamation, and some sound as if they were quickly cut off. There is nothing on any intruder/ security sensor records that makes any sense.

## INVESTIGATION IN CENTRAL CITY

There is no need for the players to have a detailed map of Central City. Only Emergency Service personnel have them anyway. Other than walking short distances along corridors, all city transportation is done by computer controlled transport "bubbles" (think Star Trek turbo lifts). When the players want to go somewhere, all they have to do is enter a bubble at a transport station, quiz the computer, give it their destination, and minutes later (3D6 x 15 seconds), there they are. Each bubble comfortably holds eight standard Human beings--ten with a little crowding.

## City Events

Remember that strange rumors have started to spread through the city about the attacks, and some people have started to panic. If the players start moving around the city corridors on foot, the GM should roll 3D6 every hour for an event.

**3-10.** Nothing out of the ordinary happens.

**11-13.** The PCs are accosted by 1D6 media news people with a lot of questions: "What is the Company trying to hide?" "What is really going on out on the remote platforms?" A roll of 7 or less on 3D6, modified by Diplomacy skill level, will fend them off. If the result of the roll is 3 or 4, the players hear Rumor B, C, D, or E from the newsies.



**14-15.** The PCs are confronted by 1D6 nervous employees. If a satisfactory roll result is achieved (using procedure above), the players hear Rumor A or J. If the roll is failed, these individuals get belligerent. Allow another roll. If it fails, or if a critical failure results from either roll, the PCs are physically attacked.

**16-17.** The PCs are attacked by 1D6 panicky employees. None are armed with anything other than small objects like bottles, vases, etc.

**18.** The PCs are attacked by 2D6 thugs. The GM should decide physical characteristics and if and how they are armed. If the players are in serious trouble, the GM may bring in Security Police to save them.

When rolling for events, the GM should add 1 to each hourly roll while the PCs are in the college area, subtract 1 while in the main Company Headquarters area, and subtract 2 while near the spaceport bars.

## Visiting Guest Quarters

The players' rooms are very nice VIP quarters. Each has a king size float bed, full fresher facilities, and a small food prep and storage area. Full service comm/entertainment/data processing units are in each room, providing access to the Company's data storage facilities.

If the players visit their rooms between the hours of 0800 and 1630 (Exxon uses the Terran standard 24 hour clock, and the entire planet is considered one time zone due to its long rotation period), they have 1 chance in 6 of meeting a robomaid cleaning their rooms. If a robomaid is present, there is a further 1 in 6 chance that the Human VGQ supervisor is inspecting the players' rooms. If so, the players may speak with this individual. With good reaction rolls, they may hear Rumors A, G, or J.

## RUMORS IN CENTRAL CITY

**A.** "Exxon was the home of The Great Old Ones of the galaxy. And One of Them has returned to destroy all of Humanity on Exxon for desecrating their planet."

**B.** "I heard that Interstellar Mining and Energy was hiring mercenaries a couple of months ago on Beebop. No one would say where the merc unit was going to be sent, but they were looking for commando personnel. You know, the real killer types."

**C.** "FOG is undergoing a schism. A minority of members wants to use physical violence against those interstellar megacorps that are destroying the environments on habitable worlds. The vast majority still want to use legal aggression, propaganda, and publicity to change the minds of megacorp executives, without using guns and bombs."

**D.** "The University of Islamabad, on New Islam, has sent another bio-survey team out looking for life forms in the Exxonian ocean. The first two teams just disappeared, you know. Some say the Company killed them all when they discovered something they shouldn't have. Others say they found a hidden pirate base out on one of those abandoned platforms somewhere on the ocean."

**E.** "Been a lot of 'unauthorized' ships entering the system the last few years. It's funny because the only thing that is worth exporting from Exxon is petrochemicals, and no smuggler in his right mind would try to smuggle something that is so bulky and cheap per volume."

**F.** "Somebody, or something, has been raiding some of the outer colonies. I heard that they are some sort of neobarbarians that are hitting low population worlds for loot and technicians."

**G.** "Ever since the Company imported some of those Marxist biochem professors from NuStalin, the college level education system on Exxon has gone to Hell in a drop ship. All our kids are studying is revolution. Those radical teachers should be shot!"

**H.** "I've heard that some big money types from Terra, Green Hills, Neuva Zurick, and Amaterasu are trying to take over the Company. They say these money guys are going to try and run down the value of the Company's stock by starting rumors about all kinds of trouble here. Maybe even cause some problems."

**I.** "The real fighting is going on among the Company's directors. Profits have been falling for the last ten s-years and somebody is going to pay. And it might even end with people going before firing squads. This planet never outlawed the death penalty, you know."

**J.** "Something from the depths of the ocean has risen to take back the planet. Only those who worship it will be saved. All unbelievers will be cast into the Dark between the stars."



### FOG Headquarters

The players may wish to interview the local FOG leaders on Exxon. FOGHQ is just another door opening off just another standard corridor near a normal transit center, but in a slightly more rundown section of Central City. The door is labelled with a small sign reading "Friends Of the Galaxy. All sentient beings welcome".

If the players enter, they are immediately stopped by a robosecretary behind a counter just inside the door. When they ask to speak with a local FOG leader, they are asked to step into a waiting room. While waiting, they may overhear Rumors C, D, and F, in that order, from the office workers. A rumor is overheard on a 3D6 roll of 3-6, adding appropriate modifiers, rolled every 1D6 minutes.

After 2D6 minutes, or when the players get tired of waiting and begin throwing their legal weight around, they finally meet with Thaddius K. Quombly, head of FOG's Exxon chapter, in his small and messy office. He is a large, soft looking, slightly over weight, vaguely nervous (but still overbearing) man with an irritatingly whiny voice. Quombly states categorically that FOG is not, and has never been, involved in any illegal matters on Exxon or any other planet. If the PCs try to question him further, he tells them he will provide no other answers without his lawyer present.

If the players continue to push the interview, Quombly's lawyer arrives within five minutes. But, other than hearing an interesting list of legal threats, no further information is gained.

If the players attempt to break into FOG's computers, either legally with a court order or surreptitiously, they find this to be an easy task. Initially, nothing of interest is found. However, on a success roll of 3 or 4, or by continued perusal over 3D6 hours and a second success roll, they locate a specially shielded FOG computer file containing the names of six individuals who are not on FOG membership lists, as well as full background files on five of them. The five are well known interstellar mercenaries. The computer aboard the Patrol ship can confirm this, but the sixth name is not on file.

After 2D6 hours of further investigation, the players discover that one FOG's secretaries is a mercenary groupie and is collecting and trading information with other groupies on and off Exxon by illegally using FOG's computers, FTL comm, and normal space comm system. The sixth name is that of her latest boyfriend.

### The Exxon University

The players may wish to interview the Dean or individual professors, during which they'll be told how ridiculous the rumors are that are floating around about the university. The players are assured that no students or faculty members belong to any terrorist groups.

A check with the Campus Security Office will reveal that, while a lot of students have been arrested for minor crimes like public drunkenness or rowdiness, no student has been arrested for a major crime in five years.

If the players attempt to check out local student hang outs, they are generally ignored. Attempts to interview students are ignored or the PCs are told to get lost.

### The Company Dining Room

When the players wish to eat, or want to interview Company administrative personnel, or just want to listen in on Company gossip, they may visit any of the Company dining rooms. If they pick the Executive dining room, and hang around long enough, they may hear Rumors H, I, G, B, D, and F, in that order. A rumor is heard on a 3D6 roll of 3-6, adding appropriate modifiers. In any other staff dining rooms, only Rumors H and I will be heard.

### Various Starport Bars

If the players visit the bars in the vicinity of the starport, they may hear Rumors B, E, F, J, and A, in that order. A rumor is heard every 2D6 x 10 minutes on a 3D6 roll of 3-6, adding appropriate modifiers.

If the PCs have been throwing their weight around or have been pushing their inquiries, a roll of 14 or



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R

## PLANETARY AND SYSTEM DATA: EXXON AND ROCKEFELLER'S STAR

Planet type Terrestrial Diameter 12,038 mi Gravity 1.02 G Density 3.7 Composition Low Iron  
 Axial Tilt 1.30° Seasonal Variation None Length of Day 69h 37m 54s Length of Year 38 days/0.3 Earth years  
 Atmosphere: Pressure 1.34 (Dense) Type and Composition Exotic, N<sub>2</sub>-79%, O<sub>2</sub>-9%, CO<sub>2</sub>-7%, H<sub>2</sub>O-3%, Organic Compounds-2%  
 Climate Warm Temperatures at 30° latitude: Low 70° Average 90° High 110°  
 Surface Water 100% Humidity 92% Primary Terrain Ocean  
 Mineral Resources: Gems/Crystals Absent Rare Minerals Absent Radioactives Absent  
 Heavy Metals Absent Industrial Metals Scarce Light Metals Ample Organics Extremely Plentiful  
 Moons One, Beepee, 1276 mi. diameter, no atmosphere  
 Biosphere: Dominant life form Humanity Other significant life forms None  
 Civilization: Population 10,857,328 at last census Tech Level 10 Control Rating 4 Society Corporate State  
 Starports Class IV at Central City, Class IV at Johnport, 6 Class III for corporate loading only, approx. every 60° around planet, Class IV orbiting starport in Exxon synchronous orbit above Central City  
 Installations 1, Central City, 2, Johnport, 3-9, Class II ports, 10-20, Major pumping/refining centers  
 Economic/Production Industrial, Chemical/biochemical/petrochemical/organic materials production

## System Information:

Star Name	Rockefeller's Star	Type	M7V	Location	Biozone	0.1 - 0.2 AU	Inner Limit	0	Number of Planets	3
Planet	Orbit Distance	Type	Diameter	Density	Gravity	Atmosphere				
Shell	1 0.1 AU	Hot Rockball	2,298 mi.	3.1	0.16 G	None				
Exxon	2 0.3 AU	Terrestrial	12,038 mi.	3.7	1.02 G	See Above				
Gulf	3 0.7 AU	S. Gas Giant	31,741 mi.	0.8	0.58 G	H <sub>2</sub> -He				

The entire Rockefeller system is something of an interstellar anomaly. And the planet Exxon is itself a scientific enigma. When petroleum resources on Terra began to run low in the 21st Century, the few remaining petrochemical consortia had to look off-planet for additional resources. They commissioned the Lunar Farside Interstellar Observatory to look for strong carbon compound spectrographic emission bands in stars within exploitation range of Terra. Five candidate systems were submitted to the consortium for supplementary investigation. A freelance survey ship was sent to further investigate all five systems. Rockefeller's Star was the fourth system checked and the obvious choice.

Rockefeller's Star is a fairly normal, old, small, early Population I red dwarf star. It is almost seven billion years old, so old that it has very few elements heavier than iron in its makeup. And not too much iron at that. The planets are also deficient in heavy metals, but are rich in lighter elements. Exxon is especially rich in carbon based compounds.

But Exxon is an anomaly, even in a universe full of wonderfully strange planets. The only reason Exxon is still rotating, and not tidally locked to its star, is its close, relatively large moon. Having a very small iron core, Exxon also has a very low density, almost nonexistent magnetic field, and, considering that its diameter is 150% of Earth's, a relatively low gravitational field strength.

The planet is so ancient that all its hills, mountains, and even its continents, have been worn down to a nearly smooth surface over its many billions of years of existence. Since the entire surface is now below sea level, Exxon's surface is now totally covered by liquid H<sub>2</sub>O. And the ocean has a very large percentage of carbon based chemical compounds floating in and on its waters. Even the atmosphere is fouled with a high percentage of hydrocarbon compounds. An unprotected Human can only breath Exxon's atmosphere for a few minutes before

suffering damage to the lungs. And there are huge amounts of crude petroleum in the strata beneath the ocean's floor.

While Exxon's atmospheric composition readings were the first indication to the survey crew of its riches, it was also the first indication of Exxon's most baffling riddle. Exxon has a lot of carbon dioxide in its atmosphere. Enough to create a "greenhouse effect" that raises its overall temperature into the Human habitable range even though its orbit lies outside its star's normal biozone. A standard barren terrestrial planet normally has an atmosphere of only carbon dioxide, carbon monoxide, and nitrogen. But Exxon also has oxygen. And oxygen bearing planetary atmospheres are always created by living organisms. While it is possible for "organic" hydrocarbon chemicals to be produced by inorganic means, all that atmospheric oxygen has driven more than a few experts to drink, because no living organism has ever been discovered in Exxon's ocean. In fact, no trace of any lifeform, living or extinct, has ever been discovered anywhere on Exxon!

But, aside from this mystery, Exxon was the answer to the petroleum consortia's dreams. So they immediately colonized and industrialized Exxon. Even today, Exxon is the major supplier of petrochemicals to much of the Human colonized sphere.

Though Exxon is a technically advanced industrial planet, its population is very low for its vast size and its gross planetary product. Except for the capital of Central City and the major starport at Johnport, most of the Company's employees are spread out working on the hundreds of drilling, pumping, and processing platforms which dot the surface of the planet.

The people of Exxon are peaceful and hard working, and contribute greatly to the advance of Terran interstellar civilization. And, while Exxon will never be a tourist destination, it should continue to be a shining example of Human technology and industry for the next thousand years.

greater on 3D6 (or if the GM feels the players just might like a little action) results in their involvement in a bar room altercation. No weapons are used other than fists, bottles, and bar stools—it's just a good ol' bar fight. The worst that happens is that the PCs are tossed out into the corridor with a few new bruises. However, if they do well in the fight, they are welcomed into the "fellowship of the bar" and soon hear all four rumors above—along with a lot of other nonsense.

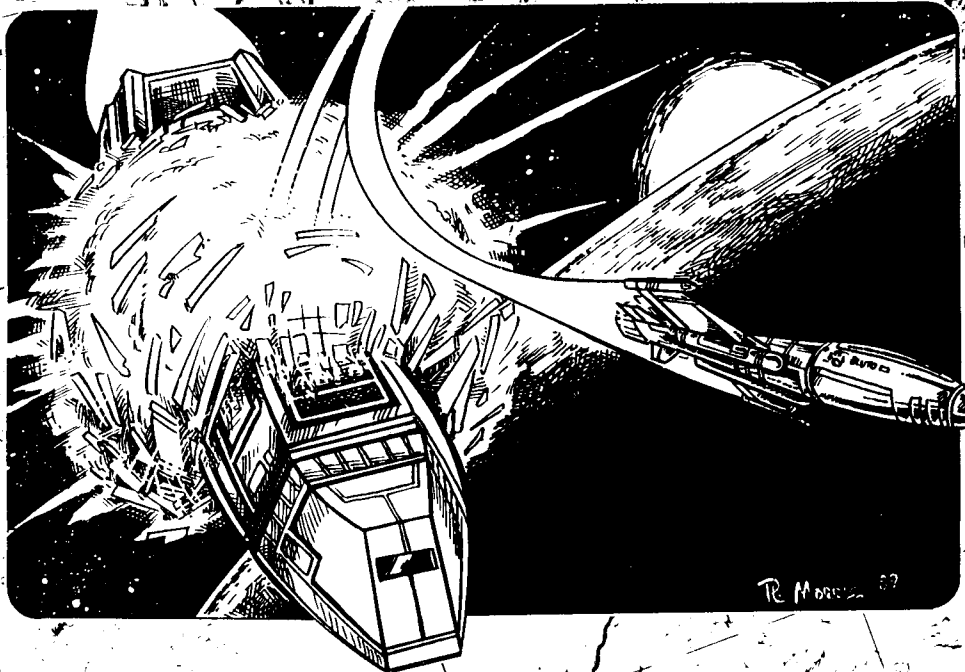
## Other Sites in Central City

If the players wish to visit other sites in the city, the GM will have to generate what happens. But the GM should remember that there is no solid data to find

in Central City, and the longer they look, the higher the chances of being intercepted by thugs or the media.

## CALL FROM REFINING STATION 29XK

If the players have thus far stayed in Central City and the GM feels they can do or learn little else there, or the players have now decided to check out one of the attacked stations, Captain Petrolski gives them an urgent call to say that the Company's Security Central has just received a radio call from Refining Station 29XK. "The person in the secure communications room has just reported that she has lost all contact with the rest of the station. She requests immediate help. Would you like to accompany the Quick Reaction Team?" ●

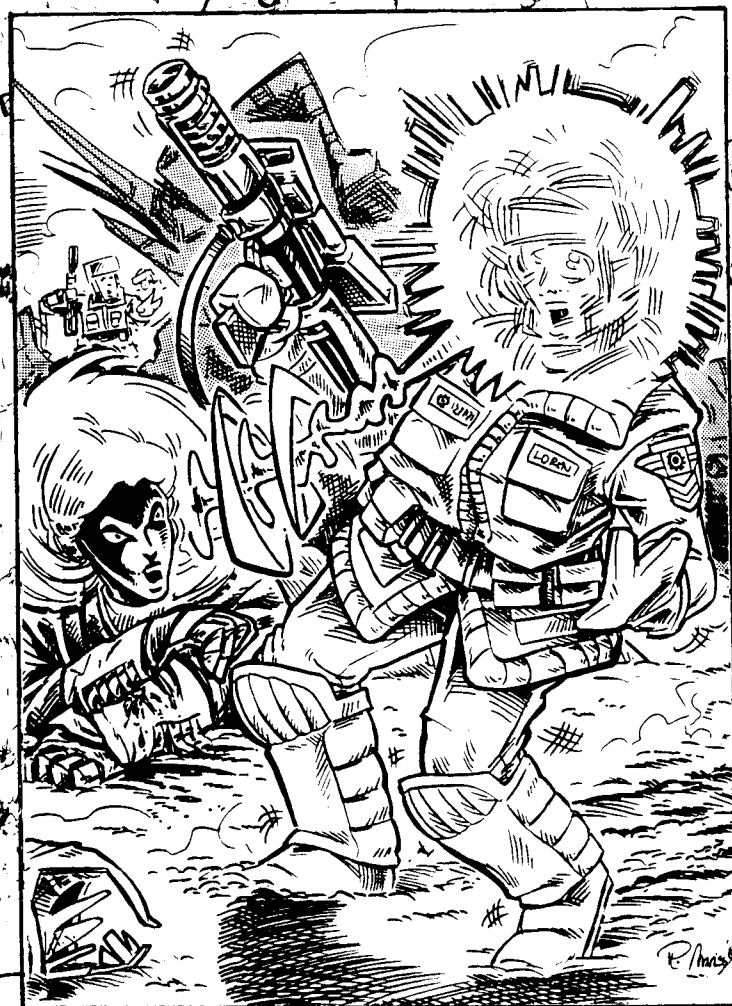


# IMAGES OF SHATTERED

THE AERIAL  
PHIL MORRIS



THE DIPLOMATS



GUSHEMEGE

DAGUDASH



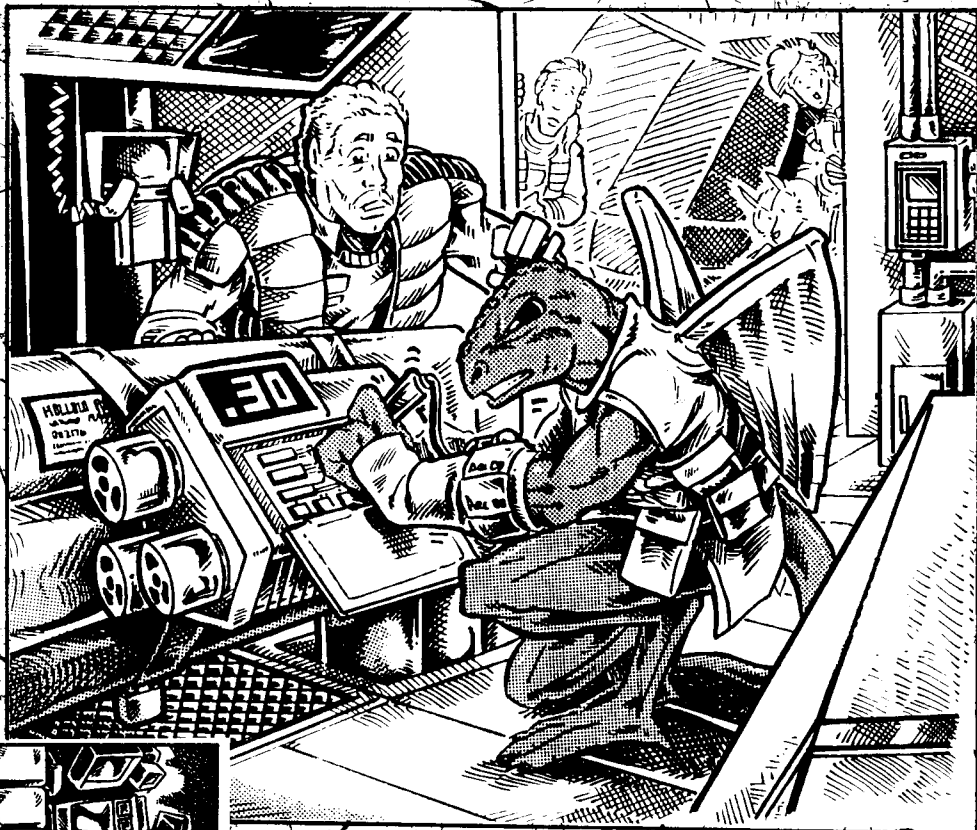
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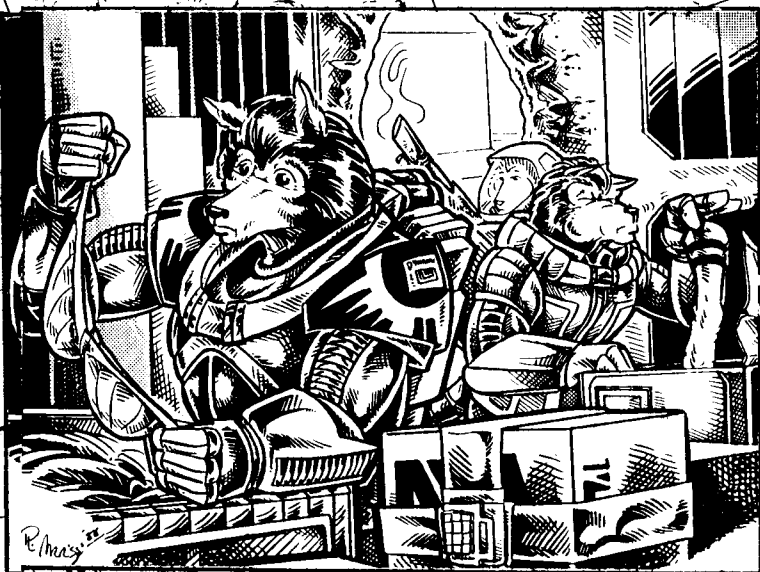
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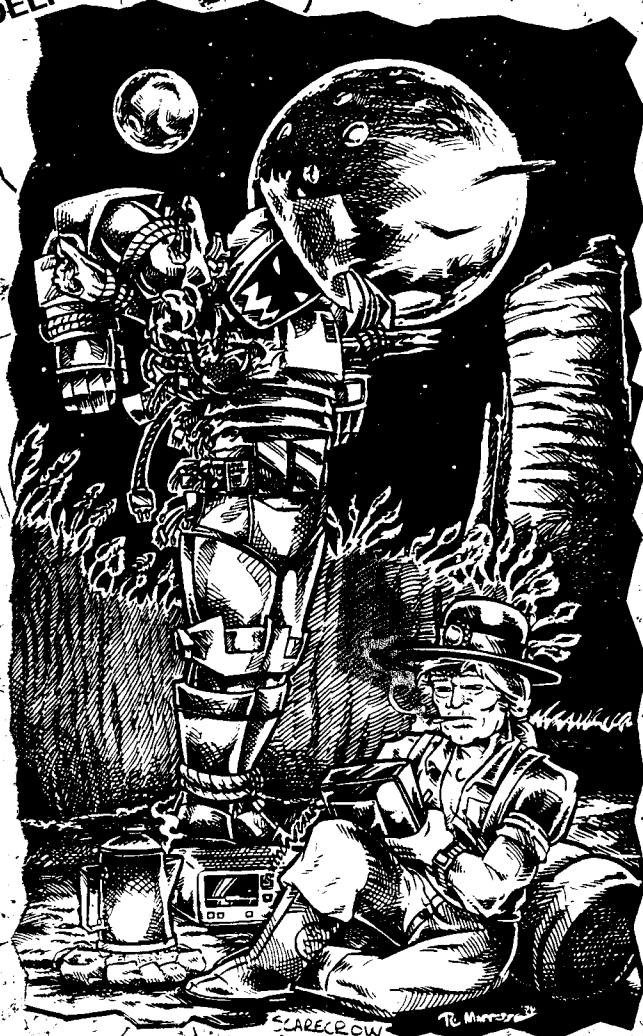
POKER

ZARUSHAGA



PORA

DELPHI



SCARECROW

TO MURPHY

**adventurers'**  
EQUIPMENT CATALOG

**STAR WARS**

**S400 POLICE VEST**  
Armor Code +1 600cr

Imperial Scout troopers are favored with specialized lightweight armor made from highly advanced materials that provides protection from damage (+2 pips to STR) without the standard reduction of the wearer's dexterity and related skills.

Even in the Empire, such military innovation soon finds its way to the private sector. SecureTech, a subsidiary of BlasTech specializing in police and security procurement, is the first to market similar advanced protective apparel.

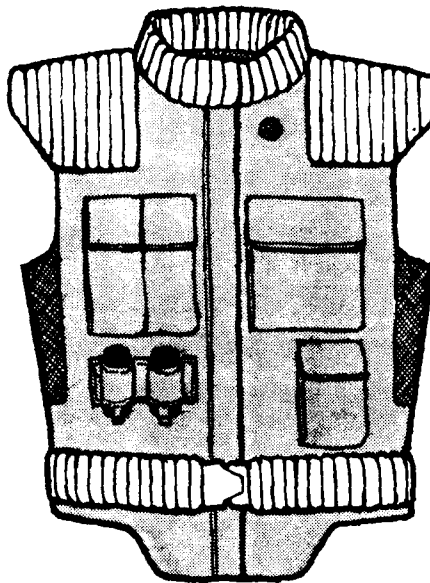
Of course, high tech seldom comes cheap. The standard cost of the S400 vest is 600 credits, plus 92 cr in Imperial fees for the civilian purchase of police equipment.

Purchase of the S400 police vest is restricted on many planets within the Empire. On such worlds, the S400 vest can often be purchased illegally on black markets at increased prices.

- James B. King

**GATE 21**

*Now available from*



The S400  
Advanced  
Police Vest

**ONLY  
600cr!**

plus Imperial  
fees of 92cr

Developed for  
police use from  
the same advanced  
materials used in  
the armor of Imperial

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\*The sale to civilians of police weapons and gear is strictly prohibited  
on many planets within the Galactic Empire.  
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JB KING

## MEGATRAVELLER

# VARGR ZIDHAEDZ CLASS CLOSE ESCORT

by James B. King

The *Zidhaedz Class* close escort is used by various planetary navies and navies of interstellar governments in Vargr controlled space, patrolling what are often hazardous lanes of travel. The vessel class is also popular among adventurous bands of Vargr whose actions are deemed, by human standards at least, piracy. The *Zidhaedz* has been increasingly encountered along the border separating the Spinward Marches from Vargr space to Coreward.

*Zidhaedz Class* vessels have often been encountered carrying a 10-ton grav G-carrier instead of a space fighter.

## VARGR KFANGU CLASS FIGHTER

**CraftID:** Fighter, TL 13, MCr16.34  
**Hull:** 9/22.5, Disp=10, Config=1AF, Armor=40F, Unloaded=262.3tons, Loaded=266.4tons  
**Power:** 3/6, Fusion=360Mw, Duration=4/12  
**Loco:** 3/6, StdGravThrust=1870tons, NOE=170kph, Cruise=2835kph, Top=3780kph, Agility=3  
**Commo:** Radio=System x 1  
**Sensors:** PassiveEMS=Interplanetary x 1, ActiveEMS=Planetary x 1, ActObjScan=Diff, ActObjPin=Diff, PassEngScan=Rout  
**Off:** BeamLaser=x02  
           Batt 1  
           Bear 1  
**Def:** DefDM=+7  
**Control:** Computer=2 x 3, Panel=HoloLink x 82, Special=HeadsUp x 1, Environ=BasEnv, BasLS, ExtLS, GravPlates, InertComp  
**Accomm:** Crew=1 (Operator=1), Seats=roomy x 1  
**Other:** Cargo=2.8kliters, Fuel=19.2kliters, ObjSize=average, EMLevel=faint

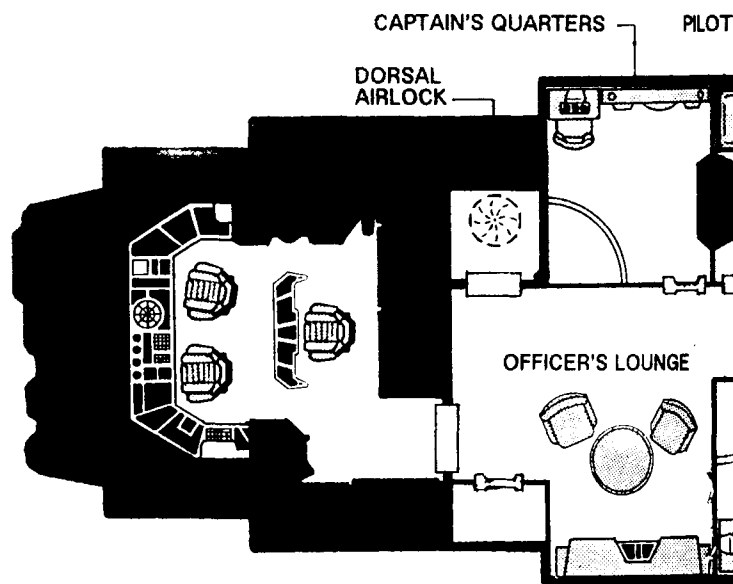
## VARGR ZIDHAEDZ CLASS CLOSE ESCORT

**CraftID:** Close Escort, Type CE, TL 13, MCr17.39  
**Hull:** 270/675, Disp=300, Config=1SL, Armor=49F, Unloaded=5760tons, Loaded=5999tons  
**Power:** 46/92, Fusion=4122Mw, Dura=12/36  
**Loco:** 30/60, Maneuver=4, 11/22, Jump=3, NOE=170kph, Cruise=750kph, Top=1000kph, Agility=0  
**Commo:** Radio=System x 1, Maser=System x 1  
**Sensors:** EMMask, PassiveEMS=Interstellar x 1, ActiveEMS=FarOrbit x 1, EMSJammer=FarOrbit x 1, Densitometer=HighPen/100m x 1, Neutrino=100kw x 1, ActObjScan=Rout, ActObjPin=Rout, PassObjScan=Diff, PassObjPin=Diff, PassEngScan=Rout, PassEngPin=Diff  
**Off:** Missiles=x03  
           Batt 1  
           Bear 1  
           BeamLaser=x04  
           Batt 2  
           Bear 2  
**Def:** DefDM=+7  
**Control:** Computer=6 x 3, Panel=HoloLink x 522, Special=HeadsUp x 5, Environ=BasEnv, BasLS, ExtLS, GravPlates, InertComp  
**Accomm:** Crew=10 (Bridge=2, Engineer=2, Gunnery=2, Flight=2, Command=1, Medical=1), Staterooms=6, Subcraft=10ton fighter x 1, 2ton air/raft x 1  
**Other:** Cargo=72kliters, Fuel=1800kliters, Scoops  
           ObjSize=Average, EMLevel=Faint  
**Comments:** Price does not include subcraft, but does reflect a standard discount, which may or may not be available at various shipyards in Vargr space. ●





## **ZIDHAEDZ CLOSE ESCORT**



## **CREW DECK (TOP)**

## **DRIVE DECK**



ZIDHAEDZ CLOSE ESCORT

## **TURRET DECK**

VENTRA  
TURRET

LOT'S QUARTERS

DORSAL LASER  
TURRET CONTROL

EMERGENCY  
HATCH ABOVE

CREW  
LOUNGE

MANEUVER DRIVE

RAISED ACCESS  
WALKWAY

CHIEF  
QUARTERS

FUEL SCOOPS

ENGINEERING LOCKER

POWER PLANT

IRIS VALVE  
ABOVE

MANEUVER DRIVE

RAISED ACCESS  
WALKWAY

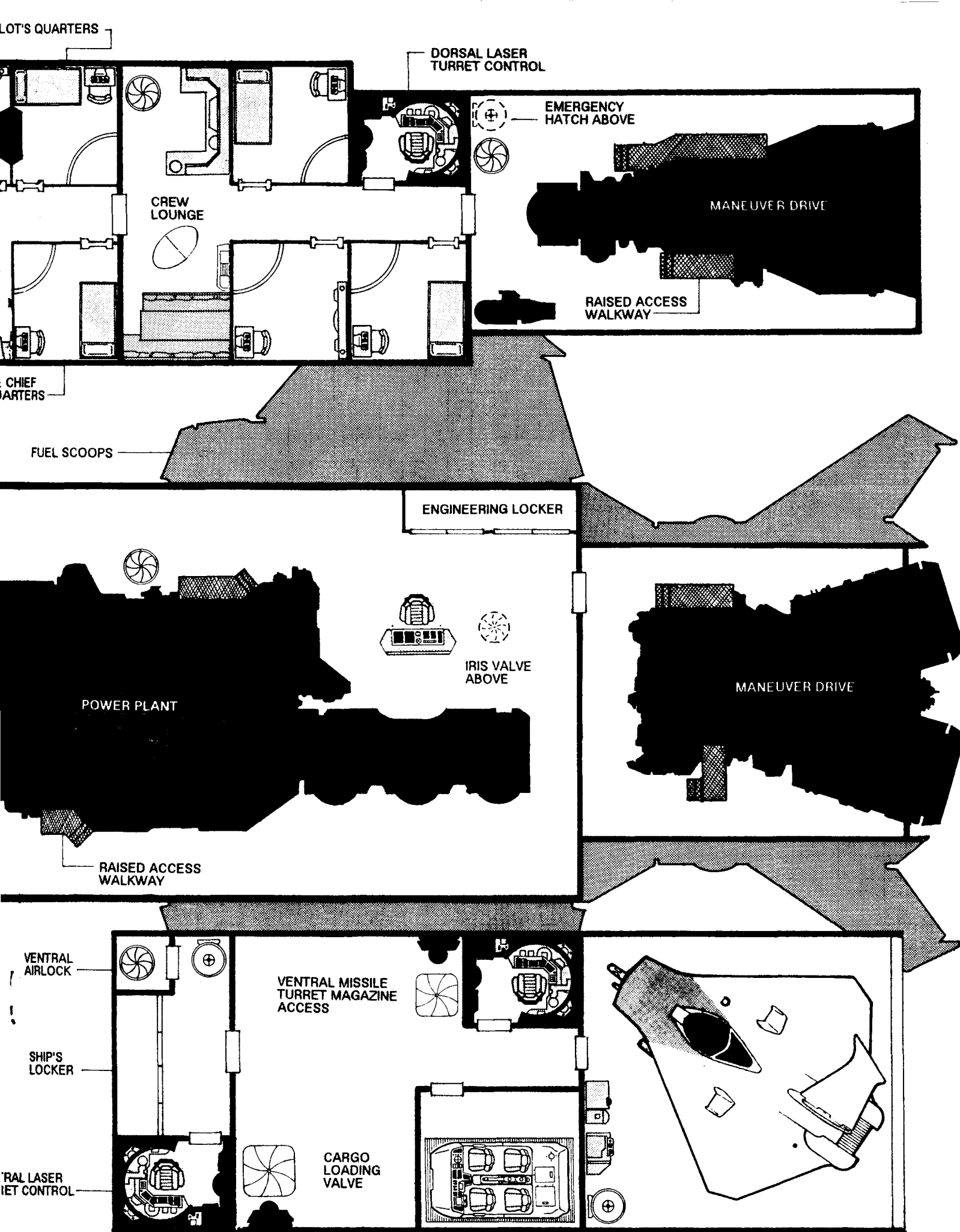
VENTRAL  
AIRLOCK

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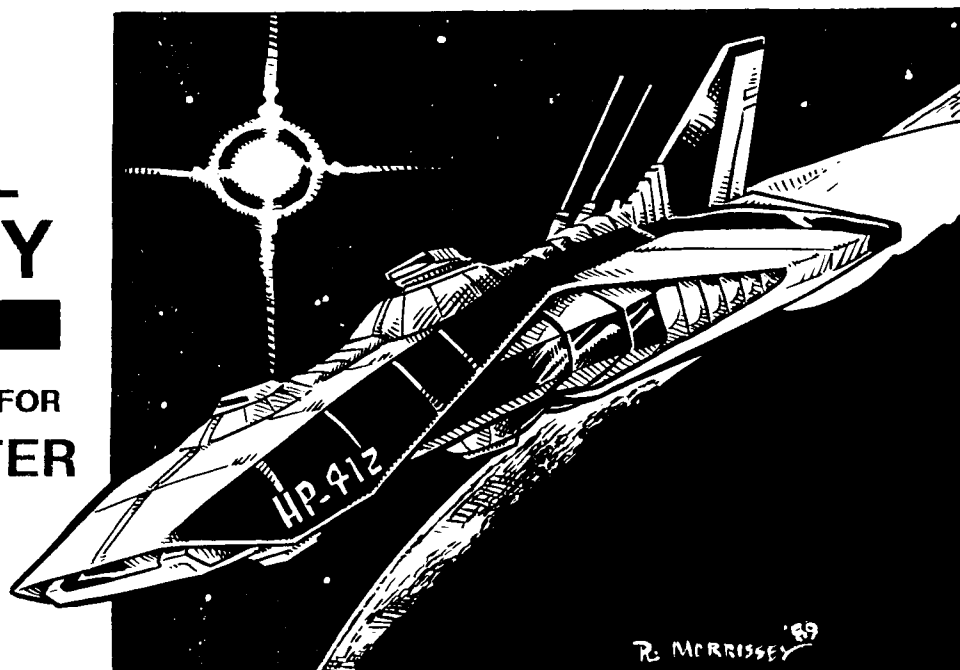
# LEADER OF THE PACK!



# SPECIAL DELIVERY

## AN ADVENTURE FOR SPACE MASTER

by Glen Allison



**THE SETTING:** The planet Krekitterock IV, located just inside Frontier Zone 1. For games other than *Space Master*, Krekitterock IV should probably be placed in an area that has few settled star systems.

**REQUIREMENTS:** A group of characters with a ship who might have connections with smugglers.

**AIDS:** Piloting, ship's weapons, and personal weapons skills. Vehicle skills of some kind will also be helpful.

**REWARDS:** "Starstone" gems worth 50,000 Elmonits.

**BACKGROUND:** "Stardust", better known as Krekitterock IV to the rest of that section of space, lies heavy under the foot of Harkon Province. It produces refined ores and gems for the Duke of Harkon, Lord Pingray III. The planet is completely controlled by Harkon. Nothing occurs on its surface unless it will benefit Harkon and, more importantly, Lord Pingray III.

Krekitterock IV was discovered 438 years ago by agents working for Harkon Province. A mining colony was established in the central mountains of Beta Continent and two starports were later built for shipping refined ore off world.

Most of the original settlers were pressured to emigrate to Krekitterock IV and some were forcibly resettled there. Currently, the colonials are paid at minimum salary and are rarely allowed to go off-world. Any merchant ships with goods for sale or trade are required to dock at the station on Vebendi, the planet's moon, or to land at either of the two starports on the planet's surface. All merchandise is then purchased and later resold at approved retail outlets for much higher prices than normal. Because of these requirements, most colonials are deeply in debt to Harkon Province.

Naturally, few workers are very happy with the situation. Some disgruntled workers have secretly formed the KLO, or Krekitterock Liberation Organization. The KLO made contact with the usual smugglers that showed up soon after a blockade was estab-

lished and the province began requiring trade visas and limiting trader contact with the settlers. Through this contact, the KLO began exchanging contraband "starstones" for weapons.

Several private sector companies have chosen to subsidize the growing KLO, using smugglers to transport and deliver weapons, in hopes of gaining a foothold on the planet should it gain independence from the Harkon government. Every ship's crew is paid 250,000 Elmonits for each shipment delivered. A final payment of starstones worth 50,000 Elmonits is made by the KLO upon delivery.

**THE STORY:** The *Black Hand*, a smuggler's ship, had suffered serious damage in a battle with an Imperial patrol vessel, from which she barely escaped. Derek Bartalemeu, a.k.a. Black Bart, quickly began searching for someone else to complete the run. He cared little about the money, but his reputation was at stake, and, if word got out that he had failed a delivery, there would be no more easy runs to Krekitterock IV and another source of income would dry up.

Finally, in a little back alley dive on the far side of the starport on Asydrin II, Black Bart came face to face with someone he had known in the distant past. Someone he could rely on to complete the run to Krekitterock IV. Someone who would jump at the chance to make an additional 50,000 Elmonits... Someone who was new to this sector of space and unfamiliar with the little quirks of "Stardust's" atmosphere - and wouldn't refuse to take the job.

**THE ADVENTURE:** The adventure begins with the ship in hyperspace, carrying six large crates containing weapons for the KLO. The group was given a coded course tape and a set of passage codes to allow them to get past the patrol boats blockading the planet. They were also given a tightbeam broadcast frequency and passwords to allow them to communicate with the rebel underground when they arrive.

**NOTE:** If you are playing this adventure rather than refereeing, please stop reading at this point.

**1.** Shortly after entering the Krekitterock system, the ship's sensors start beeping. The screen indicates that another vessel is approaching at long range. A raspy voice identifies himself as Commander Kwantrel and demands your identity and that of your ship. When the answer doesn't come fast enough to suit Cmdr Kwantrel, the comm board lights up again and the rasping voice demands that you transmit identification and passage codes on Microfrequency 621.8 *immediately*.

The player characters' ship is hailed by a Harkonian patrol vessel just within Krekitterock IV space.

Sensor scans of the patrol boat may indicate the HP-412 configuration which includes lasers and missiles in a fast hull (HARD -10).

When the passage codes are transmitted, the players discover that the codes are old and newer ones are in effect. If the players can convince the patrol commander that they are okay even with their passage codes a little out-dated (VERY HARD -20), Kwantrel allows them to continue - indicating that they should contact Vebendi Base for further instructions. If the players fail to convince the commander, he demands that they heave to for inspection, and the patrol boat begins to accelerate rapidly towards them.

In this case, there is a running battle until the patrol boat breaks off and calls for assistance. The PCs

have approximately 30 minutes to hide, leave the area or land before another patrol boat reaches the area.

**2.** After sending a cryptic message on the right tightbeam microfrequency, a soft drawl of a voice politely requests that you orbit for thirty minutes until the right approach window is available, making you less vulnerable to detection by ground based scanners and patrol vessels. The wait is tense, but, finally, the time is right and your ship descends towards the surface. As you approach, the atmosphere looks hazy and your sensors show high winds at an altitude of 15 km, gusting from 50 to 150 km per hour. The ship shudders suddenly, and everyone on the bridge tenses as console gauges fluctuate wildly. Telltale lights blink red from many consoles as the ship's systems attempt with marginal success to compensate for the buffeting winds. At the same time, everything darkens outside and the hiss of sand and dust particles beating at the ship grows louder as the sensor screens dim.

A sand storm is approaching the area over the KLO site and the landing must be made through severe atmospheric turbulence and very low visibility due to wind and blowing sand (SHEER FOLLY -50).

The landing site is at certain coordinates in the central mountains on Beta Continent. Just before the PCs' vessel drops towards the surface, their sensors pick up some sort of ship just at the fringe of reception. It is another patrol ship, and, unless the players make a hasty landing, there is a chance of being detected (HARD -10).

## HP-412 HARKONIAN PATROL BOAT

CLASS: HP-412    COST: 2,800,000 Elmonits    MASS: 2000  
HULL: Crysteel Double Hull    ARMOR TYPE: 26    HITS: 2200  
SUBLIGHT: 18/20\*    MAX SUBLIGHT ACCEL: 140/150  
MAN THRUST PTS: 14/15    SENSOR RATING: 2

SENSOR BONUS: +10    EW RATING: 5    EW BONUS: +25  
SCREEN RATING: 2    SCREEN BONUS: +10    REACTOR RTG: 65  
OP DURATION: 30 days    CONTROL PTS: 8    CREW: 7

COMPUTER: MK#60    MICROFREQ: MK#10  
TIGHT BEAM: MK#1    RANGE: 300KKm  
RATED COMPUTER PROGRAMS:  
TACTICS RATING: 6    TACTICS BONUS: +30  
PREDICT RATING: 6    PREDICT BONUS: +30  
EVADE RATING: 6    EVADE BONUS: +30

ARMAMENT: 2 360-degree turrets-each holds a Mk#10 laser cannon. 2 360-degree turrets-each holds a Mk#10 missile launcher fed by a 20 missile dual feed magazine\*\*

RADIATION SHIELD RTG: 5    RAD SHIELD BONUS: +25  
STREAMLINED    LANDING GEAR    CARGO HOLD: 3.2 cumets

\*This ship is fairly fast at rating 18 and can be pushed to go faster for a short time - to rating 20. If this is done, the laser cannons are nonfunctional, sensors and screens drop to 1/4 efficiency, and all lighting goes to Emergency Red.

\*\* Each missile magazine holds 10 Mk10 Explosive Missiles and 10 Mk 6 Nuclear Missiles. The Launch Master can load either type on demand.

## KREKITTEROCK IV

ATMOSPHERE: Nitrogen 76%, Oxygen 23%, Argon and other gases 1%.  
PRESSURE: Thin at sea level, breathable without artificial assistance, contradicted for persons suffering from respiratory disorders.  
GRAVITY: 0.91 G  
DENSITY: 0.98 Standard  
HYDROSPHERE: 78% of the planet's surface is covered by liquid H<sub>2</sub>O (shallow seas).  
AXIAL INCLINATION: 5, 17°, 9.5°

The temperature on Krekitterock IV is such that settlements are restricted mostly to the region near the 45th Parallel. Temperatures drop off drastically above the 52nd Parallel and climb radically below the 37th Parallel.

Most settlements are located on Beta Continent, which was the first to be settled. Alpha Continent lies too far from the 45th Parallel to be heavily populated, and Gamma Continent is only now being explored for mineral wealth.

Vast, high-powered dust storms periodically sweep the desert areas of Beta Continent. The mining settlements are partially underground to offset the destructive force of these storms. Atmospheric turbulence is considered moderate to severe at all times and atmospheric maneuvering can be dangerous, if not foolhardy.

**3a.** The groans and creaks of cooling metal, the faint hum of the life support system, and the dying whine of the maneuver drive reverberate through the ship as it settles to the ground. The chime of the comm board interrupts the mutual congratulations for a landing well done, and a familiar voice politely informs you that you now must travel 100 km overland to the KLO base on a rough, narrow, twisting mountain trail, and must do so in three hours or less so that orbital satellites do not find you.

If the players don't have a ground vehicle (wheeled or tracked), there is one in a cave hollowed from the rock near the landing site (+/-0 to detect).

Three hours is plenty of time to cover the distance - if it were on a hard surface road. But this is a rough, narrow, rocky trail through the mountains and the time limit just barely allows the players to reach their destination before unseen orbital satellites come over the horizon. As referee, you can, if you wish, play the precipitous cliffs and narrow trail to the limit, creating a virtual "cliffhanger" of a story.

### WHEELED VAN

PASSGRS: 8      CARGO: 6      ENVIRON: Semi  
MASS: 10      CAT: 22      DB (16)

**3b.** As you come down from a narrow pass onto a high plateau, you see what appears to be an endless stream of large, shaggy, smelly beasts coming towards you on the trail. Their hooves pound the ground, shaking the vehicle, and their bellowing causes such a din that the power plant cannot be heard, even inside the vehicle with the hatches closed.

Along the way the PCs encounter a herd of large beasts who don't take kindly to the interruption of their travels. These animals are a kind of cattle that look like a cross between a Texas Longhorn and a Brahma bull. Any attempts to force a way through or attack the animals causes them to charge and attack the vehicle(s) and any PCs that can be seen in the open. The best choice is to wait for the herd to pass, though it does waste precious time. If the players find a place

### HERD ANIMALS

LVL: 3C      BASE MOVE: 60      MAX PACE/MN BONUS: Dash/20  
SIZE: Large      HITS: 120D      AT (DB): 3 (20)  
STATIONARY ATTACKS: 50MHo 100/50LTs  
CHARGING ATTACKS: 40MBa 100/50MTs

to get off the trail, nothing happens to them at all. If they just stop the vehicle on the trail, the animals walk right on past but there is a chance (15%) that some minor damage happens to the vehicle in their passing.

**3c.** Without warning, winds come from nowhere, a rising shriek of noise that carries with it a cloud of dust, grit, and small rocks. Visibility drops to roughly 5% of what it should be, and tiny stones begin ringing against the skin of the vehicle as you grind forward into the teeth of the storm.

Twice along the way, at the referee's option, sand and dust storms occur abruptly. The players have to decide whether to keep moving or stop the vehicle. If they stop and wait out the storm, which could last 20 to 40 minutes, there is a 10% chance, cumulative per each 10 minutes of travel, that the PCs will lose the trail and their way. If they do get lost, they have the same chance to find the trail again.

**4.** As you approach the coordinates that were given as your destination, all you can see is scrub brush and low coniferous trees climbing up the slopes of a rather high mountain. Before you lies a series of small clearings with scattered piles of boulders distinguishing the scene. As your vehicle moves into the second small clearing, a figure steps out from behind some boulders and motions for you to stop. After a short exchange of codes and passwords, the rebel is satisfied and climbs onto a vehicle fender and signals for you to continue in the direction he is pointing. After 10 minutes of winding through a maze of interconnected clearings, you find yourselves before a well hidden entrance into the mountain.



Upon arriving at the hidden base, the players meet Andrei Hendriekas, the KLO base commander. After a relaxing bath and a meal, Hendriekas arranges for the exchange of weapons to take place. While here, the players can learn about the KLO cause and will get a tour of the base – up to a point (Andrei does not let one time acquaintances see all the details of the facility).

### ANDREI HENDRIEKAS

AGE: 40s LVL: 5 HITS: 83  
AT: 8 DB: 30

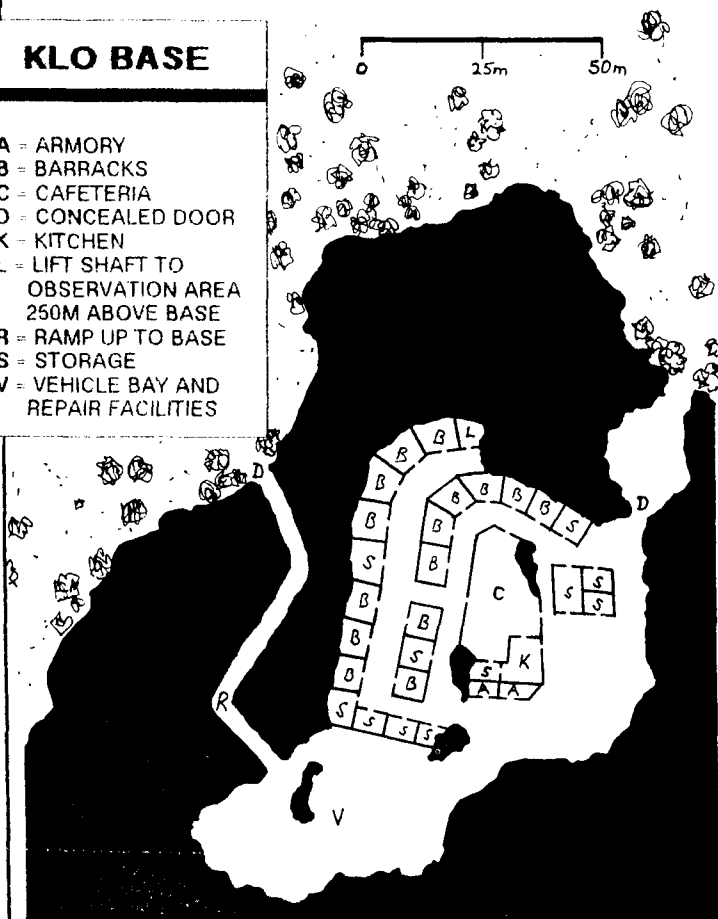
MLA PISTOL: +40  
PERCEPTION: +67  
STALK/HIDE: +40  
FIRST AID: +50  
EXPLOSIVES: +40  
DRIVE WHEELED ATV: +38  
PUBLIC SPEAKING: +58



Andrei is roughly 2 meters tall and weighs 90 kg. He has long blonde hair streaked with grey, and blue-grey eyes. Andrei always looks as though he were planning the best practical joke in the galaxy, but he is a serious and careful planner. He usually wears a camouflage LBA flak vest (AT 8) and carries a laser rifle and an MLA pistol when in the field.

### KLO BASE

A = ARMORY  
B = BARRACKS  
C = CAFETERIA  
D = CONCEALED DOOR  
K = KITCHEN  
L = LIFT SHAFT TO  
OBSERVATION AREA  
250M ABOVE BASE  
R = RAMP UP TO BASE  
S = STORAGE  
V = VEHICLE BAY AND  
REPAIR FACILITIES



**5a.** The exchange of weapons for gems is complete and brandy is poured to celebrate the transaction. Andrei then tells you that you are free to leave tomorrow at 0600 hours if you wish to. But he informs you that a raid is planned for tomorrow against an encroaching Harkonian survey party, and, if you are interested in taking part, any equipment you pick up is yours to keep.

If the players accept the offer, Andrei introduces them to the rest of the assault team, then wishes them a good night.

**5b.** As your assault team moves into position to observe the survey camp, you can see at least 3 two-man grav bikes (V5, V8, V7), 2

### RAID NPCs AND SURVEY VEHICLES

#### KLO REBEL

AGE: 18 LVL: 2 HITS: 18 AT: 5 DB: 20  
Rifle: +15 Knife: +40 Blaster Pistol: +5 Perception: +15

The young KLO rebels wear mottled grey/green camouflaged LBA flak vests (AT 5) and carry rifles and blaster pistols.

#### KLO REBEL

AGE: 36 LVL: 4 HITS: 42 AT: 8 DB: 30  
Laser Rifle: +25 Knife: +40 Blaster Pistol: +10 Explosives: +15  
Perception: +25 Drive AFV: +10

The more experienced KLO rebels wear mottled grey/green camouflaged LBA reinforced flak armor (AT 8) and carry laser rifles and blaster pistols.

#### HARKONIAN SURVEYOR

LVL: 4 HITS: 18 AT: 2 DB: 10  
Laser Pistol: +5 Knife: +5 Perception: +20

Surveyors wear environmental suits and usually carry hand computers and/or multiscanners. They sometimes carry laser pistols.

#### HARKONIAN SCOUT

LVL: 3 HITS: 46 AT: 8 DB: 10  
Laser Rifle: +20 Blaster Pistol: +45 Drive AFV: +25 Perception: +20  
Harkonian Scouts wear blue-grey LBA reinforced flak armor (AT 8) and carry laser rifles and blaster pistols.

#### GRAV BIKE (BUZZER)

PASSNGRS: 2 CARGO: 1 ENVIRON: SEMI MASS: 2 CAT: 22  
DB (55)

(The plasma repeating rifle uses the Mk 5 Blaster Attack Tables; 2H Energy.)

#### UTILITY VEHICLE

PASSNGRS: 2 CARGO: 8 ENVIRON: SEMI MASS: 10 CAT: 22  
DB (15)

#### HALFTRACK ATV

PASSNGRS: 8 CARGO: 5 ENVIRON: SEMI MASS: 20 CAT: 23  
DB (20)

The halftrack all terrain vehicle is not equipped with weaponry, though it can be added.

#### LARGE TRANSPORT

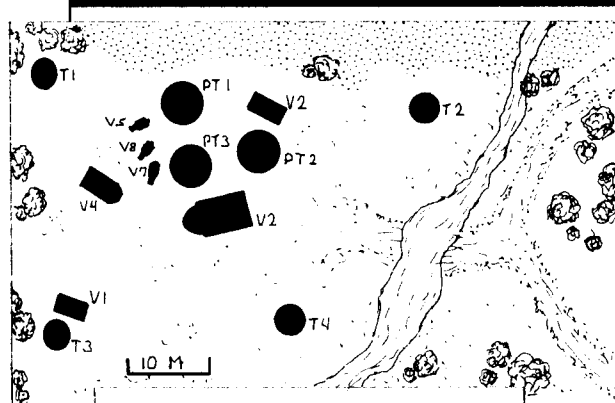
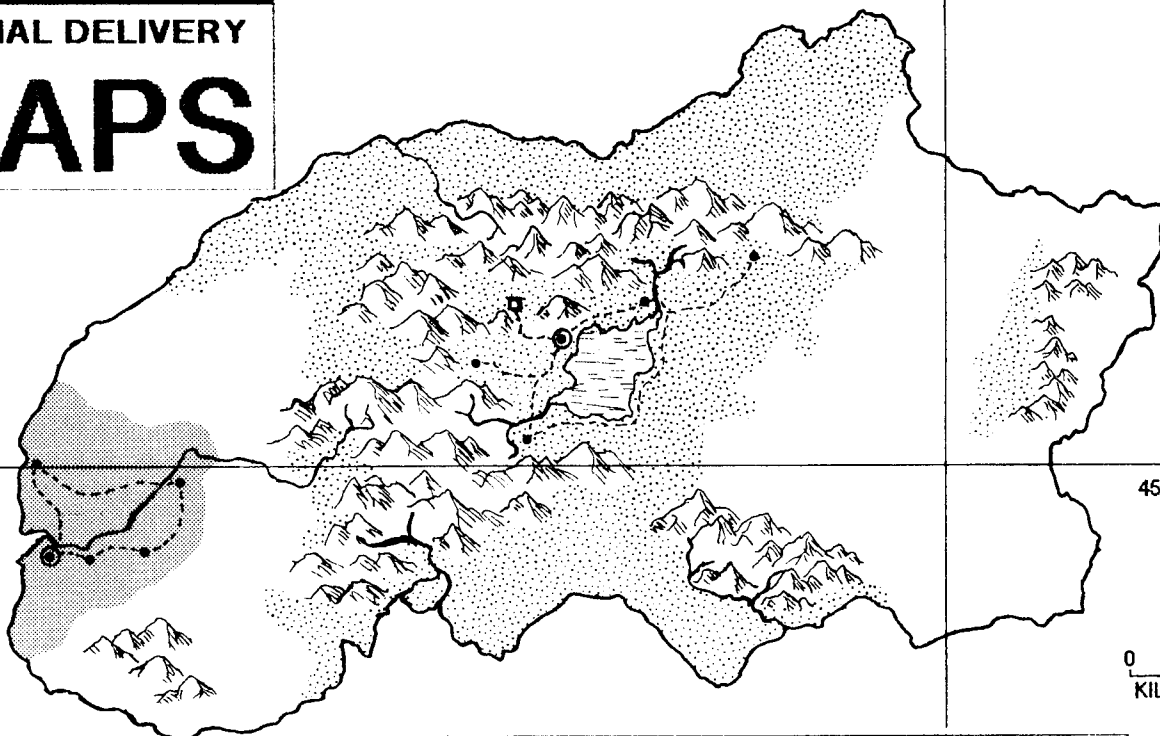
PASSNGRS: 4 CARGO: 50 ENVIRON: SEMI MASS: 25 CAT: 22  
DB (10)



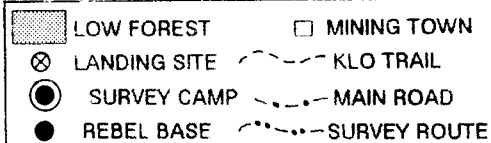
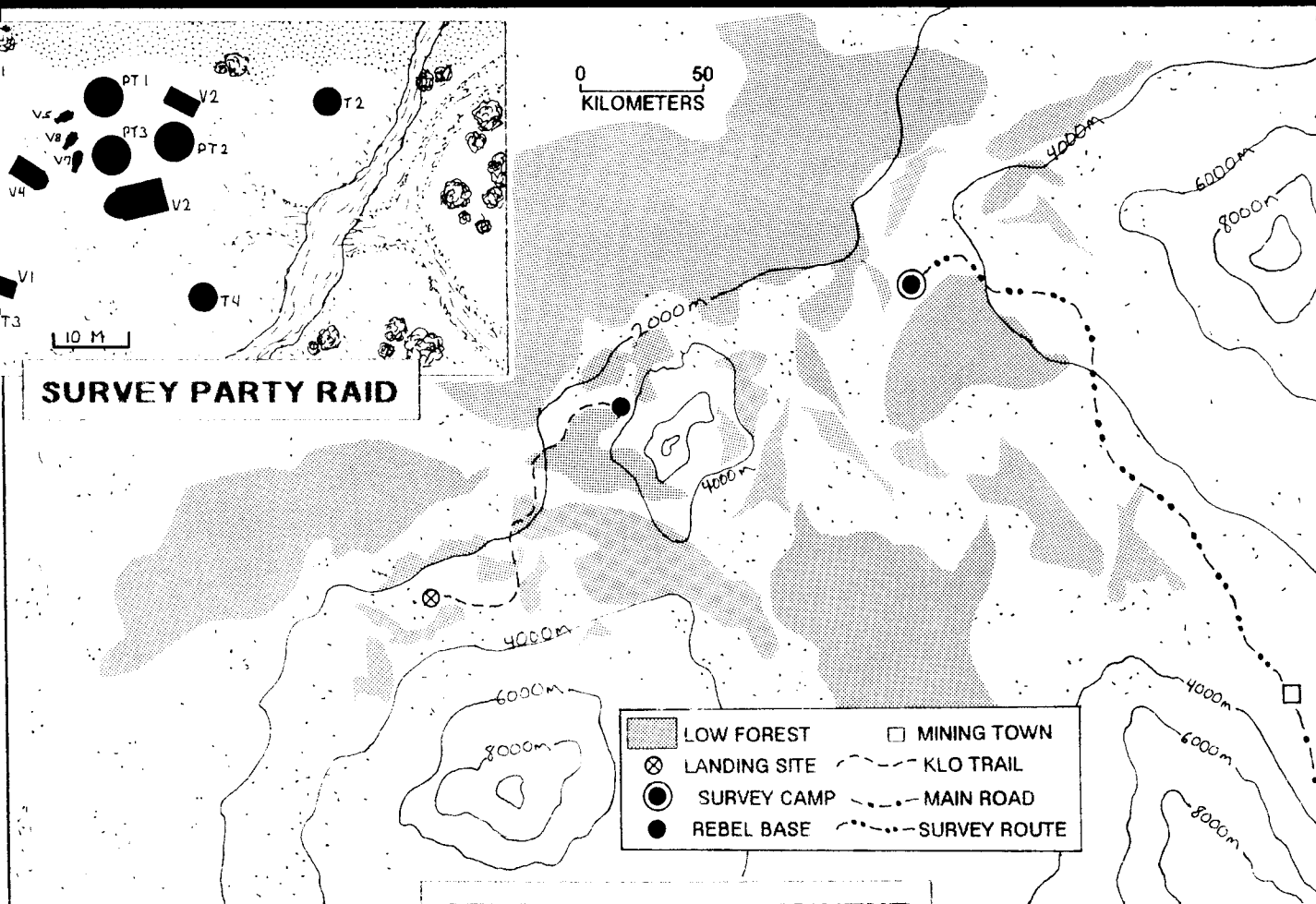
## BETA CONTINENT

SPACIAL DELIVERY

## MAPS



SURVEY PARTY RAID



CENTRAL BETA CONTINENT

four-wheeled utility vehicles (V1, V3), a half-track ATV (V4), and a large transport vehicle with eight large wheels (V2) as well as 3 large pressure tents (PT1, PT2, PT3) and 4 smaller non-pressurized tents on the perimeter of the camp (T1, T2, T3, T4).

During the day, a party of surveyors and guards will be out somewhere doing their job. They will have with them one of the grav bikes and a half-track ATV from the base camp. But no matter what time the attack takes place, there are at least 4 armed guards on duty at any given time. (The referee can add more if desired, perhaps depending on how large the attack force is.) When the alarm goes up, at least 6-8 more troops scramble from various locations (at -20 to their Offensive Bonus for 3 rounds due to surprise).

When the rebels attack the camp and the guards begin to return fire, at least one survey member will have the presence to attempt to contact the mining settlement. This person has a 50% chance per combat round to raise the settlement. Even if contact is made, help would not arrive until too late, but the alarm would go out to any Harkonian patrols in the area.

The Harkonian Scouts withdraw as soon as it is obvious that they are under attack by a superior force. Some of them try to escape in one or more of the vehicles in camp, while the rest flee on foot.

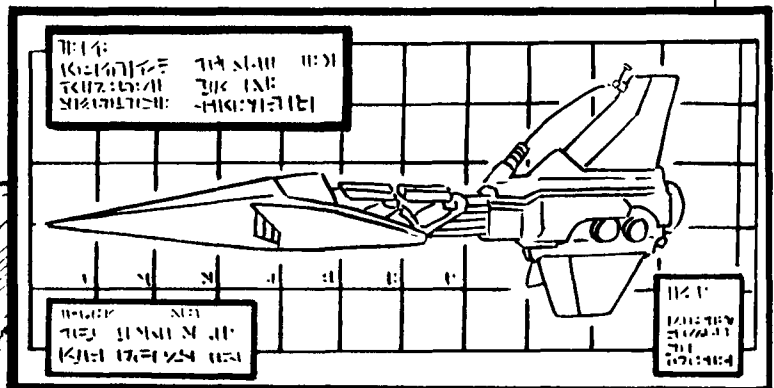
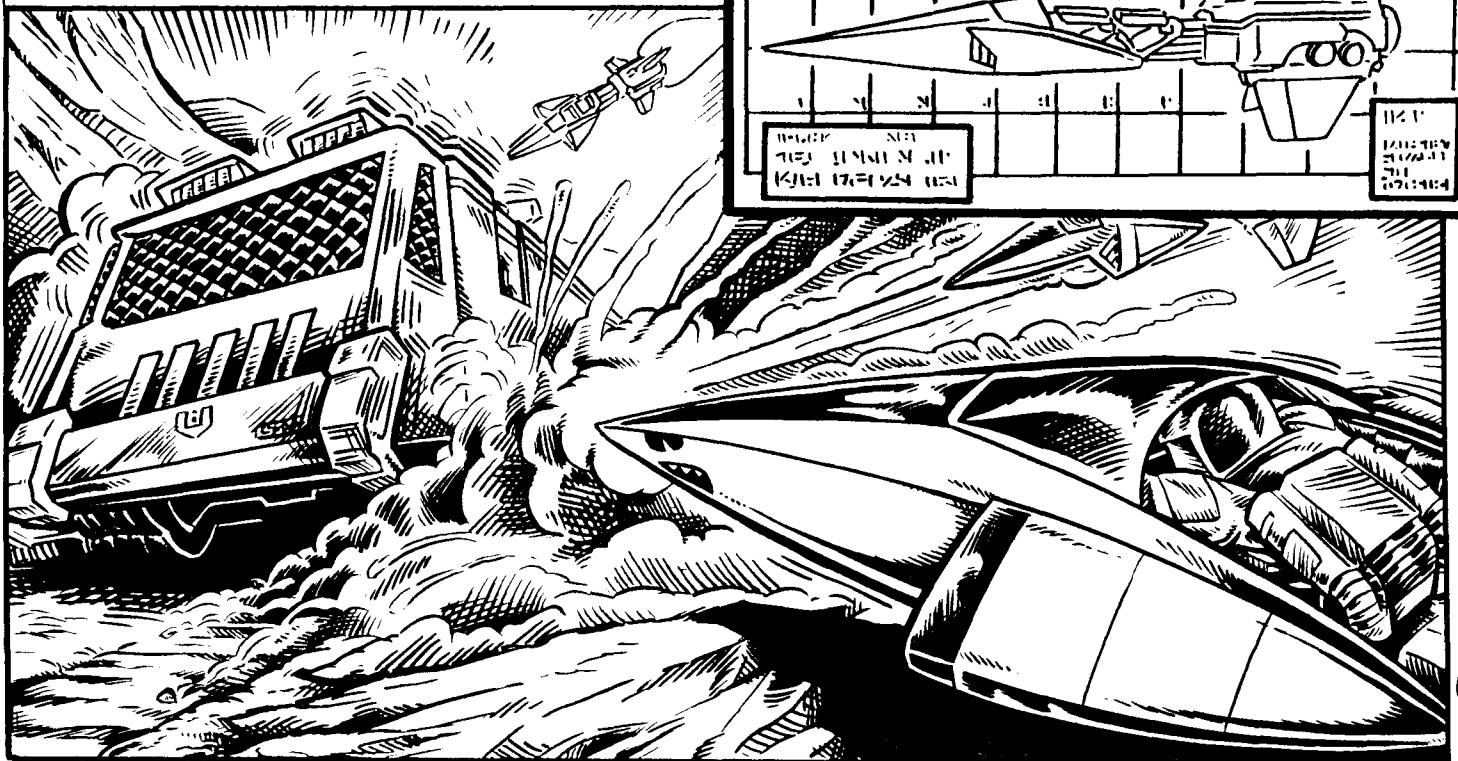
**6.** From out of the sun, a faint buzzing noise grows increasingly louder. Suddenly, a Harkonian attack force is upon you as 3 grav bikes with plasma repeating rifles mounted on the front begin firing.

The PCs do finally leave the hidden rebel base at 0600 on whichever day they choose. Remind the players that they have 3 hours to make it back to their ship. When they reach the halfway point of the journey, they are attacked by a far ranging scout party of 3 grav bikes that either was away during the raid and returned to find their comrades dead or is made up of surviving guards from the survey party who are out for revenge.

If the first attack run inflicts little or no damage, the grav bike riders swing around for one last attack before they leave for healthier climates.

**7.** As your vehicle rounds a curve on the rocky trail, a plume of dust appears up ahead and you can faintly hear the clanking of treads over the muffled muttering of the engines in a pair of Harkonian halftracks. They are driving straight into the sun and have not spotted your vehicle, but are moving closer every second. Even now they loom nearer, with the wind bringing the sounds of them closer still.

Two thirds of the way to the landing site the PCs sight two patrol vehicles approaching slowly up the trail towards them. They are armored halftracks and nothing to play around with. There is probably no chance for the players to take them on and win, so their best choice is to hide, even though it delays their



return to the ship. The driver has to do some fancy driving to get off the road quickly without being seen (EXTREMELY HARD -30). If they do not succeed and are seen, the PCs are forced to leave the vehicle and attempt to get away on foot because, after just one half a kilometer back along the trail, the way becomes difficult for their vehicle and the halftracks come up behind them rapidly.

The halftracks pause briefly at the PC's vehicle and a scout does the equivalent of taking the car keys to delay any possible attempt to take the vehicle later. Then, one halftrack veers left and the other to the right in an attempt to find and attack the players. If they are found, the players should drop back and maneuver away through the scrub brush and trees (HARD -10 to any maneuver rolls). If they cannot find their vehicle or cannot get it started, they will have to make the remaining journey of 30 km through the mountainous terrain on foot.

### HALFTRACK AFV

PASSNGRS: 10 CARGO: 4 ENVIRON: Full MASS: 20 CAT: 23 DB (20)

The halftrack armored fighting vehicle mounts a Mk 10 laser cannon in a top turret, and uses the Laser Cannon Attack Table from *Star Strike*. (If you don't have *Star Strike*, use the Laser Attack Table from *Space Master* at Armor Type 20; damage will be a little low but not seriously.)

**8a.** Only 10 km to go and you are almost home free. Everyone relaxes a little as your vehicle rolls closer to the ship. Unexpectedly, you receive a tightbeam transmission from the KLO base. They have broken radio silence to warn you that vehicles are approaching the landing site from a different direction and that you have only thirty minutes before they get there. As your driver applies full power, the vehicle whines in protest and sprints forward, forcing everyone back into their seats and spilling drinks on the floor.

Apparently, something was noted in the area and the troops are checking it out. It will be 20 to 30 minutes before the opposition gets to the ship, but it should take the players almost that long to get there themselves, even in a vehicle. If the PCs are on foot, they may or may not have a radio with them and may not get the warning. If this is the case, the players may possibly walk into an ambush at the landing site.

**8b.** As the pilot and astrogator frantically flip switches in an attempt to cold start the ship, 3 heavily armored halftracks rumble into view, the turrets swiveling to target your ship. From the lead halftrack, a line of blue fire lances out, searing the servos of the landing

gear, causing the ship to lurch to one side. A streak of fire shoots from the second halftrack and a flare of blue energy scorches the paint next to the front bridge viewing windows, rocking the already unstable vessel. As your ship slowly lifts from the surface, the third halftrack aims and fires. A flash of energy punches deep into the hull, causing several damage alarms to blare as the bridge lights dim and the ship sags slightly, then recovers and lifts rapidly towards deep space.

The ideal arrangement is for the players to arrive five minutes before the troops do. The referee can arrange for this even if the players are on foot. They then have to fight while quickly conducting a preflight check of the ship before lifting off planet. Lift off and maneuvering while under attack is considered EXTREMELY HARD -30. Each failure of this roll while attempting to leave allows the attacking halftracks another shot at the ship.

The last shot hits the ship, pierces the outer hull and damages one of the sensor arrays and an airlock, creating some difficulty for the players when they leave the planet's atmosphere behind. At least one section of the ship is no longer pressurized and the damaged sensor array reduces the crew's ability to "see" where they're going.

**9.** As the ship gracefully arcs skyward, everyone breathes a sigh of relief. Everything is quiet, except for the muffled wail of the damage alarms. A slight whiff of scorched wiring and the tang of ozone begin to permeate the ship, making breathing a little more interesting. Outside, the sky begins to darken as the ship clears the atmosphere of Krekitterock IV. Abruptly, the sensors chant their warning of an approaching vessel, and it is much closer than it should be for a first warning. The sensors now manage to separate the approaching vessel into 2 patrol boats, both accelerating towards your ship. The comm board lights up and the rasping voice of Cmdr Kwantrel demands that you heave to and prepare to be boarded. Already, streaks of fire lance out from the patrol boats as they draw nearer.

This last episode consists of the PCs' vessel making a run for light speed while pursued by 2 patrol boats (see episode 1 for patrol boat details) that happen to be converging on Vebendi Base and observe the PCs' ship leaving the planet from an area that is off limits.

The patrol boats fire several shots at long range that may do some damage before the players' ship can get clear of the gravity well surrounding Krekitterock IV. Just after the pursuing ships get within accurate shooting range, the players can jump to hyperspace, escaping a fate worse than taxes. ●

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# VOYAGES SF CONTRIBUTOR'S GUIDELINES

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*Voyages SF* is an adventure gaming magazine providing coverage for science-fiction role-playing and board games. We would like to begin covering play-by-mail games as well, and will if we receive such material. We are seeking material for most major SF game systems, such as *MegaTraveller*, *Star Wars*, *Renegade Legion*, *SpaceMaster*, *2300 AD*, *BattleTech*, *Star Trek*, *Space 1889*, *GURPS Space*, etc., and also for lesser known, but good quality games, though such material should be for fairly recent game releases.

## WRITERS

We are open to a broad range of possible articles that a contributor may wish to submit. A primary factor to consider is an article's entertainment value to readers. Entertainment value can be increased by using a short fictional dialog to start an article, or even to begin each article section. "Historical" examples, light humor, or just breaking an article down to smaller sections also help to achieve this goal.

**Adventures:** Detailed adventures (usually 4000 to 8000 words) or more simplified adventures (usually 2000 to 4000 words) are highly desired. Adventures of more than 8000 words will have to justify their length by being of greater complexity and usefulness. Keep in mind that any article of 10,000 words or more may be divided into two parts and printed in two consecutive issues. Long or short, writers should aim to create original, complete works.

**Background:** Articles which provide background information for a particular game's world or universe.

**Hardware:** Equipment, weapons, vehicles, or starships for a particular game (usually 100 to 400 words - starships may require up to 1000 words).

**Rules variants:** Alternate rules or suggested variants to streamline, simplify, or possibly even add complexity to a particular rules system.

**Game-play:** Articles about problem solving, handling problem players, or improving game play.

**Fiction:** Short works (usually 3000 to 6000 words) that are set in a particular game's background or in a wholly original setting.

**Game reviews:** Reviews of actual games should be detailed enough to provide solid idea of the games strengths and weaknesses (usually 1000 to 2000 words), while reviews of game supplements (usually 200 to 400 words) should inform readers of their usefulness and value to players of the game in question.

## MANUSCRIPT MECHANICS:

Manuscripts should be typed and double-spaced, allowing one-inch margins all around, using only one side of white, letter size paper (NLQ printout is okay if the ink is dark). On the first page, the author's name and address should be placed in the upper left corner. Any other

information that the author feels is pertinent should be placed in the upper right corner. The title and author's name as it is to appear in the byline should be placed at least one-third down the page, followed by the actual text. All remaining pages (including maps and sketches) should have the author's name, a key title word, and the page number placed in the upper right corner.

We prefer to receive clear photocopies rather than original manuscripts. If a submission is to be returned, it must be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope (SASE). Any correspondence to which a response is desired must be accompanied by a SASE or stamped post card to guarantee a response. We are open to queries concerning our interest in article ideas, and we try to respond to submissions within four weeks. No simultaneous submissions are accepted. We will consider previously published works, but the author must *be sure* he or she still owns the rights to the work, and we must be informed of the fact.

## ARTISTS

Unsolicited art work is very welcome. We try to present a very illustrative magazine, and hope to use more filler art and art presentations in the future. Scenes depicted may be based on a particular game background or may be of a more generic nature. We prefer to receive good, clean photocopies rather than originals. A SASE must accompany unsolicited submissions that are to be returned.

Both new and established artists are encouraged to send sample portfolios so that they may be considered for art assignments. Interior art is black ink drawings, though we hope to begin using monotone illos shortly. We are now using a monotone illo on the cover. Generally, assignment rates are negotiated.

## RIGHTS AND PAYMENT

Our current rate of pay for manuscripts is 1/2 cent per word. Unsolicited artwork pays \$10/full-page, \$7/half-page, \$5/quarter-page, \$4/sixth-page. Payment is made upon publication. Art by assignment is paid upon receipt of work. Generally, we purchase one-time rights and reprint rights. In the case of artwork, purchased rights include the right to use illos in general advertising for the magazine. In the event of a reprint, the author or artist will receive a payment equal to half the current rate at time of reprint. All contributors receive a free copy of the issue their work appears in.

NOTE: These guidelines are effective 1-JAN-90 and supercede previous guidelines. Send submissions to:

**StarLance Publications**  
**50 Basin Drive**  
**Mesa, WA 99343**

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## *Battles of the free lance....*

### *A note from the editor of Voyages SF*

During the last two years I have contributed freelance material to a couple of other gaming magazines. While having my work printed in *Challenge Magazine*, GDW's magazine of science-fiction gaming, has been a pleasant experience during which I have dealt with fairly and equitably, the same experience with the other magazine has been something of a disappointment, for they apparently prefer to skip the part about paying contributors. This second magazine has printed two of my articles with artwork. For the first, it required three letters and the passing of 17 months to collect payment. I'm still awaiting payment for the second article/art, though it was printed 10 months ago.

To me, it is downright deceitful to claim a pay rate, claim to pay on publication, then print someone's efforts and attempt to avoid payment. I'm not into name bashing, so I'll not name the magazine, but there are surely other contributors to *that* magazine who share this experience, and they know to whom I refer. If you're a freelancer and want to know so you can avoid this market, send me a letter and a postaged post card for a response.

The point I'm getting to is the fact that there are other magazines to send submissions to, including *Voyages SF*. Okay, we don't *claim* as high a pay rate as *that* magazine. But I *guarantee* you'll receive the payment we claim.

— James B. King

## JUMPSPACE BACK ISSUES

*Voyages SF* evolved from an earlier publication entitled *Jumpspace*, which was a low print run, amateur publication devoted entirely to GDW's *Traveller* RPG. We want to clear these back issues from our inventory, so we are further discounting the cover price of \$2.50!

**\$1.50 for each issue or \$4.00 for all four (ppd)!**

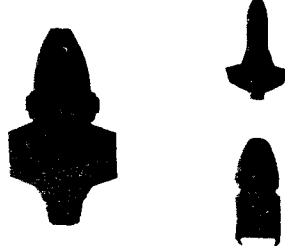
### JUMPSPACE NO. 3

The Human Spirit (fiction); Hornet 23E Main Battle Tank; Modified Scout Courier; Smuggler's Wish List



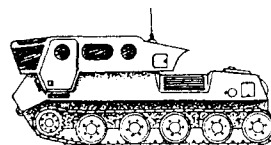
### JUMPSPACE NO. 4

A Moment With Naval Architect Tyler Purcell; Small Craft For System Defense; Sentry Class SDB; MK XIV Liquid Explosive



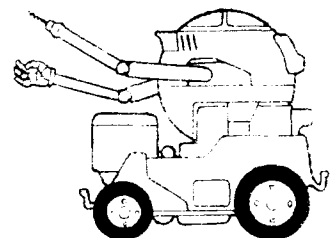
### JUMPSPACE NO. 5

VARGR SPECIAL. Vargr Combat Vehicles; Vargr Scout And Courier; Vargr Tracked ATV; Psi-Staff Of The Ancients



### JUMPSPACE NO. 6

A Story (fiction); Solomani Fleet Courier; Solomani Combat Vehicles; Robot Mart; Quantaire Accelerator



# ALBEDO

## THE ROLE-PLAYING GAME

40 pg Player's Manual (color cover), 32 pg Equipment Manual (b&w cover), 40 pg Referee's Manual (b&w cover), 16 pg adventure folio (3 scenarios), color game box, \$20.  
 Game Design: **Paul Kidd**; Editing: **Steven A. Gallacci**; Cover and Interior Illustrations: **S. A. Gallacci**.  
 Publisher: Thoughts & Images, P.O. Box 15168, Portland OR 97215.

*ALBEDO The RPG* is based on the background and setting developed in the feature story *Erma Felna, EDF*, of the comic, *ALBEDO, Anthropomorphics*, by Steve Gallacci, published by Thoughts and Images. The story takes place in a stellar society made up of a number of terrestrial animal species which have been genetically modified to sentience and, in most cases, to a moderately humanoid form (presumably by humans, but the anthropomorphic species have no knowledge of their origins). *ALBEDO* society and culture is very young, effectively beginning only 200 years ago with an "awakening", when the races realized their intelligence. Surrounded by a high technological capability for which they had no explanation, they set out in search of answers. Space flight, then jump drive technology soon brought about exploration and colonization of the stars. At present, surveyed space extends to a radius of 200 lightyears from the "homeworld".

*ALBEDO* is not without adversaries. A "cold war" peace has existed for 18 years since the end of an interstellar war between the militant Independent Lapine Republic (those pesky rabbits) and the Confederation. At present, war is looming its ugly head again - and it has long ears.

### A CLOSER LOOK

*ALBEDO* leans toward hard science-fiction. Though the illustrations may offer the impression of

a game about cute, furry little critters, it is written as a dramatically straight, serious game that obviously adheres closely to the tone and direction of the *Erma Felna* story. In fact, *ALBEDO* differs from most RPGs in that players really can't just lean on the referee, but *need* to be familiar with the background, cultural and political aspects, and lifestyles of the races *before* playing, in order to play it as it is designed to be played.

Background information is adequately provided, as roughly half the Player's Manual (which is not labeled as such on the cover) is background data covering History, Political Structure, Military Force, The ConFed Diplomatic Service, Lifestyles, Technology, and Races. Though the material is solid and concise, due to the very unique setting I was left wanting more. Obviously, a read of the *Erma*

*Felna, EDF* story would provide a greater familiarity of the subject matter. The Referee's Manual contains further background information that provides ideas and suggestions that allow the umpire (Book 3 is titled Referee's Manual, but the game text uses the term umpire) to set an undertone similar to that in the *Erma Felna* story, including things unseen and unknown to the players. Information is provided for only one star system, appropriately, the location where the three provided adventure scenarios take place.

### GAME MECHANICS

**Character Generation:** The generation system is detailed and time consuming, but achieves the goals of the system design. (My first character required almost three hours to create, but I did feel as if a unique, rewarding challenge



awaited me in the playing of the character.) Characteristics included are Strength, Stamina, Manual Dexterity, Coordination, Stability, Reason, Intuition, and Drive (most are modified by species type). From these characteristics, Maximum Recoil, Actions Per Turn, and Initiative are determined. Personalization is accomplished by rolling for Disposition, which results in a "core" and inclination, such as Modest and Greedy, Responsible and Devious, Friendly and Conceited, Generous and Laconic, etc. There is a chance of a Disorder being rolled, such as Paranoid, Miserly, Treacherous, Psychotic, etc. A unique and appealing feature is the creation of ties and antipathies, for instance, strong feelings of friendship or loyalty to a person or organization, or a dislike or aversion to the same. The system allows for ties/antipathies to change through adventure experiences, and allows for them to have an effect on the role-play. Characters begin play with an established career and a good skill base, and the system allows for increasing skill levels and learning new skills. The skill list is not extensive, but is adequate.

**Using Skills:** When using a skill involves an opponent, the defender's relevant abilities are subtracted from the abilities of the critter making the skill attempt (called a "test"). The result is compared to a chart to determine what number or less must be rolled on 2D6 for success. When a skill attempt is made on a set task not involving a defender, a task difficulty number is subtracted instead. It works well enough, but there are no guidelines for determining task difficulty, and the umpire must determine which skills are relevant to each other, but common sense will prevail. For instance, "Detect lie" would obviously be used against "Spin yarn".

**Combat:** Personal combat is detailed and drawn out. Firing a weapon will routinely require five dice rolls (and can require more) and reference to several charts.

Modifiers are plentiful, and such factors as body size, body hit location, and impact distribution (armor not penetrated) are considered. Coolness under fire and how handy or cumbersome a weapon is even come into play. Hit points play no part in this system. What is important is where the body is hit. Damage is done through fatigue, shock, blood loss, and just plain tearing up the body. The goal of the design is realism, and it has it, but realism gets pretty complicated. Rules are provided to apply the combat system to vehicle combat, but, though warships are discussed, combat between large starships is ignored.

#### FIRST THE NEGATIVES

My one big complaint is the lack of organization of the three books. In fact, the books give the impression that they were rushed into production before they were ready. The introductions in Books 2 and 3 read more like last minute notes and addendums. Many of the charts and tables, especially in Book 3, appear as typewriter or word processor set, and lack the bold, proportional spaced look of the text around them. The books have no indexes or tables of contents, and section headings are mostly text size, making locating specific sections more difficult. A Skill Ability chart and even the Character Generation Flowchart are at the back of Book 3, instead of with the Character Generation rules in Book 1. Ties and antipathies are discussed in Book 3, including their determination for beginning characters. There should at least be a reference note in Book 1. Weapons Reference charts are in Book 2, but would be more appropriately placed with the combat rules in Book 3. Confusion is created by the fact that Character Generation is not labeled, but is simply included in the Races section. Finally, many rules are vague and open to interpretation.

#### THEN THE POSITIVES

*ALBEDO's* greatest strength is in the illustrations, which are almost all half-tones, black ink drawings finished with gray markers or watercolors. And they average about one picture per page. Book 2: Equipment Description manual is superbly prepared and illustrated. Vehicles, weapons, and equipment (primarily uniform dress and personal armor) are clean, functional, and actually very realistic in appearance. A few military ground vehicles are shown, and a broad range of military air and aerospace vehicles are illustrated together in scale. We even get cut-away, interior views of a couple of vehicles, as well as of one FTL starship (sadly, this is the only starship shown). If the game books are ever released individually, I'd strongly suggest snapping up Book 2. It could be highly usable in a number of sci-fi RPGs.

While combat plays its part, *ALBEDO* strongly emphasizes social and political issues, intrigue, and interpersonal activity, moving players toward more personal, thought-provoking adventure. In short - *role-playing* comes first and foremost. At the same time, the combat system is one of the most, if not *the* most, realistic systems I've seen.

#### EVALUATION

If you are not a fan of the *Erma Felna, EDF* story, chances are you'll find *ALBEDO* too narrow and confining, as it is designed to be played in a fashion closely resembling the story. But if you are an *ALBEDO* fan, you should certainly own this game. If you prefer complex realism in combat, you better look closely at this one. Lastly, if you are looking for a game that promotes truly interactive role-playing as the primary goal of the game over mass-blast shoot-em-ups, *ALBEDO* just might be your ticket. As far as future support is concer-

ned, the publisher states that background and technical detail books, as well as scenario books, are in the works.

— James B. King

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## STAR WARS IMPERIAL SOURCEBOOK

144-page hard-bound book, 16 pages in full color. \$18.

By **Greg Gorden**; Development and Editing: **Bill Slavicsek**; Contributing Authors: **Jim Bamba**, **Grant Boucher**, **Deborah Christian**, **Steve Gilbert**, **Bill Slavicsek**, **Michael Stern**, **William Wenz**; Graphics: **Stephen Crane**, **Cathleen Hunter**, **Sharon Wyckoff**; Cover: **Lucasfilm, Ltd.**; Interior Illustrations: **Stephen Crane**, **David Deitrick**, **A. C. Farley**, **Lucasfilm, Ltd.**, **Karl Martin**; Publisher: **West End Games**, RD3 Box 2345, Honesdale PA 18431.

**It is a dark time for the Rebellion....**

The **Star Wars Imperial Sourcebook** is a surprisingly informative source of data about the Empire. Readers first learn of COMPNOR (Commission for the Preservation of the New Order), the complex organization and its long-range plan to assure the success of Palpatine's New Order. COMPNOR includes such departments as SAGroup (Sub-Adult Group), reminiscent of the Hitler Youth, the Motivation section for SAG members who fail to comply with the ideals of the New Order, Improvements and Redesign, who's responsibility it is to handle systems that deviate from the New Order, CompForce, COMPNOR's military arm, vaguely similar to Hitler's SS troops but not nearly as well trained, and lastly, the Imperial Security Bureau, which is in every way like Hitler's Gestapo.

Imperial Intelligence, often at odds with COMPNOR, is detailed as

a highly complex but efficient organization, and is probably the Rebellion's greatest threat, for the grand fleets of the Empire cannot destroy the rebels unless they know where they are, and it is Imperial Intelligence who will find them.

The organization of the Imperial Navy is detailed, as well as that of the Army, which allows stormtroopers to be presented as the elite forces they are supposed to be.

Hardware is not ignored. Sixteen starships or variations are presented, creating a broad and varied fleet, ranging from a blastboat at 25 meters to the super star destroyer at 8000 meters. Imperial military ground vehicles are expanded to nine vehicles, including wheeled, tracked, and hover vehicles. New artillery and personal weapons are also presented.

After browsing through the sourcebook, I was overwhelmed by the sheer might of the Emperor's military machine, and by the care and planning Palpatine exercised in forming his New Order. And I felt a sense of futility at the notion of rebellion. Those men and women who have dedicated themselves to the cause of galactic freedom truly are heroes who fight against great odds of ever achieving success.

The **Imperial Sourcebook** is probably of greater value to Star Wars fans than it is to players. But, for GameMasters who will go to the effort to incorporate the vast amount of data into their adventures, the reward will be forthcoming, for this information will serve to reinforce the ideals of freedom and dedication to the struggle to overcome the great evil that is the Empire, and will show the valiant heroes (the players, of course) against what terribly great odds they struggle.

— James B. King

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## LEGACY OF THE ANCIENTS

32 pg adventure booklet, for *Space Master*, \$6.00.

Design: **Leo LaDell**; Publisher: **Iron Crown Enterprises**, P.O. Box 1605, Charlottesville VA 22902.

Sixty thousand years ago, the mysterious Sianetic Harbingers settled in the vicinity of the Milky Way. They created several forms of sentient life and sent them on their way across the galaxy in suspended animation. The trip took eight thousand years while the colony ship deposited each of the races on certain planets. On the way home, twelve thousand years later, the ship crashlanded on the planet Thurzij, the current site of much prospecting for Durandrium, a source of hyperdrive fuel. Your adventurers have a chance to find the ship and all that lies within it.

**What I liked:** Like all ICE modules, **Legacy Of The Ancients** is full of detail. The storyline holds interest and the adventure ideas are workable. The cover art is good, maps are adequate, and the planet information and details are useful as well as interesting.

**What I didn't like:** The interior art is barely adequate and is uninspiring. Included are five adventures, but four of these are skeletons that the referee has to flesh out as they are very short.

This module has a good idea, but **Legacy** would have been much more useful if ICE had even further deboned the skeletons of the four short adventures and added another three or four pages to the longer one. Perhaps ICE should have combined **Legacy** with **Durandrium Find**, another 32 page adventure module. This would have made a good sixty page support module with a twenty page adventure that could sell for \$12 to \$15, and would have cut the duplicate material, leaving room for an enhanced, full-blown adventure and would have put all the supplementary material in one place.



## VOYAGES NO. 10 READER SURVEY

Readers are encouraged to complete the survey below. Either photocopy this form or list the article numbers, with appropriate ratings, on a post card. Rate the articles below from 1 to 5, with 5 as Excellent and 1 as not useful or, in the case of non-game articles, not entertaining or not desired. Mark articles not read with X.

- 1 \_\_\_\_ RED SUN, BLACK DEATH PART 1  
 2 \_\_\_\_ IMAGES OF THE SHATTERED IMPERIUM  
 3 \_\_\_\_ STARS WARS: S400 POLICE VEST  
 4 \_\_\_\_ ZIDHAEDZ CLASS CLOSE ESCORT  
 5 \_\_\_\_ SPACIAL DELIVERY  
 6 \_\_\_\_ REVIEWS AND OVERVIEWS  
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- Q1 \_\_\_\_ Is this issue of VOYAGES better than our last issue (Yes or No)?  
 Q2 \_\_\_\_ Including yourself, how many people read this issue?  
 Q3 \_\_\_\_ How many gaming magazines do you read regularly?  
 Q4 \_\_\_\_ Rating in order of preference the most recent issues of the gaming magazines you read, at what number would you rate this issue of VOYAGES (1 is high)?

Additional Comments: \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE MAIL BY MARCH 15 1990

## VOYAGES NO. 9 FEEDBACK

- |   |         |
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| THE KAIFER CONNECTION   | 3.00    |
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| QUESTION 5:<br>Should VOYAGES have a Convention Listing?  | NO-100% |

Our thanks to those readers who took the time to respond to this survey. Your interest in VOYAGES is appreciated, as such surveys help us to plan future content and direction.

If you are looking for a complete 30 to 40 page adventure, or if you are looking for fantastic artwork and flashy ideas, **Legacy Of The Ancients** is not for you. But if you collect all of ICE's modules for *SpaceMaster* or if you need a reasonable adventure with plenty of room for your own creations, and need some other good ideas with solid support material, you should buy this one.

- Glen Allison

### NOVEL IDEAS: INFERNAL DEVICES

K. W. Jeter  
 Signet (New American Library)  
 0-451-14934-3 \$2.95

#### A mad Victorian fantasy . . . .

Here is the tale of a proper London gentleman, George Dower, whose stolid, boring life is suddenly

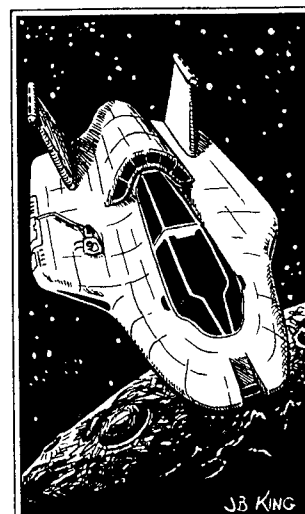
turned upside down. As the son of a deceased, secretive, inventive genius, George Dower learns of his late father's wondrous devices as he is caught up in one intense, madcap adventure after another. Each bizarre twist of this witty, fast-paced fantasy is only to be outdone by the next as Dower is tossed --and pursued--from one fantastic revelation to another, ending with Dower accomplishing the greatest of feats, and in a most thrilling way! "England expects every man to do his duty!"

For referees of GDW's *SPACE 1889*, *Infernal Devices* is tough to beat for gaining inspiration and ideas. Indeed, only a short distance into the novel, I felt mildly compelled to look for the game's trademark on the cover. It's all here; fantastic devices, secret societies, crazed villains, aliens... and more utterly fantastic devices! Even that wonderful medium, unaffected by time and space, is not without

mention, the aether, or, more recognizable, ether, but with a different twist, of course.

*Infernal Devices* is worth a read for plot ideas alone. But it is an entertaining read as well.

- James B. King



# FUTURE VOYAGES

## A LOOK AT OUR NEXT ISSUE

### **STAR TREK: SHIPS OF THE FLEETS**

An art presentation illustrating the ships of the Federation and opposing Empires.

### **SILK SCORPION**

**FOR SPACEMASTER.** Deck plans and details about a most unusual and peculiar starship, plus adventure – a light and humorous break from serious adventuring.

### **RED SUN, BLACK DEATH**

**FOR GURPS SPACE.** The conclusion to the adventure begun in *Voyages SF No 10*.

### **REVIEW: WORLDS BEYOND**

This game and more reviewed in our next issue.

**Also:** Articles for *Star Wars*, *MegaTraveller*, and *Space 1889*.

*Voyages SF No. 11* coming in April. Don't miss it!

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

As a service to our readers, classified advertising is placed here free of charge. Any gaming-related ad is accepted, though we do reserve the right to refuse any ad. Ads may be edited for length. Please specify how many issues your ad is to run (ads may be run in up to 4 consecutive issues). Send your ads to **StarLance Publications, 50 Basin Dr, Mesa WA 99343.**

### WANTED

READER SURVEYS! Readers of *Voyages SF* can do us and themselves a service by filling out the feedback survey so that we may better determine the wants and want-nots. When you have completed reading this issue, tell us what you think. Send in that survey!

### FOR SALE

SPREADSHEET templates: Apple II Appleworks spreadsheet templates for *MegaTraveller* craft design, *SpaceMaster* starship design, *2300 AD/Star Cruiser* ship design. Send \$2.00 for each spreadsheet, and either send \$3.00 for a disk or send your own disk (3 1/2 or 5 1/4), and send an SASE to:

Glen Allison  
1306 W. Pearl  
Pasco, WA 99301

FOR SALE: Sorag, Journal #8, Best of Journal #4, Challenge #26-28, Alien Modules #1, #6, Far Traveller #2, Digest #9, and numerous (40) *Traveller* books, supplements.

adventures. (I also need several items, willing to buy, trade.) Send SASE for list to:

Paul Sanders  
612 S. Patton Ct.  
Denver, CO 80219



### The ADJUTANT

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Salinas, CA 93906-3225

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